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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Count Galeazzo Ciano, author of "The Ciano Diaries" *(See page 5)*

The Dozing American Tradition

By MAX LERNER

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We are very happy to announce that January will see two great books back on the HOLT list.

Ernie Pyle's BRAVE MEN, the last and best book by the beloved Boswell of the G.I.'s was distributed during the paper emergency by *Grosset & Dunlap.*

Bill Mauldin's UP FRONT with the impudent cartoons and biting text that made Mauldin the idol of the Army and the nation, was distributed, similarly, by the *World Publishing Company.*

We are grateful to both publishers for their help in tiding two worthy books over a difficult period... and we are also, let's admit, delighted to have both books back on our list. The price of each remains $3.00.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Dozing American Tradition

MAX LERNER

THE BEST thing about a tradition is that it is continuity as well as heritage. It is, as Francis Bacon saw long ago, a way of transmission: what a civilization takes from its past and reshapes and hands on to its future; and so it is a link with that future. There are resources in the tradition of each of the great civilizations which, when rightly laid hold of, can help to heal and make whole its future. A tradition can be an instrument as well as an inheritance.

As compared with the European civilizations, you will find little sense in the American of the instrumental use of a tradition. The lack of it means also, happily, the lack of its excesses. For one thing you will find in America little of the active traditionalism as an intellectual and even as a party movement that has disfigured European politics—that amalgam of literature, religion, and reaction which stretches from the clericalism of Bonald and de Maistre to the "integrated nationalism" of Charles Maurras, and from the romantic and organismic economics of Adam Muller to the racist evocations of Moeller van der Bruck. An active political traditionalism is a two-edged sword. It can cut in the direction of Fascist racism as easily as in the direction of affirmative democracy. In their failure to make an intellectual system out of the national tradition, the Americans have missed both.

Their chief traditionalist strains have been those of Southern sectionalism, from Calhoun and Helper and Fitzhugh to the Nashville Neo-Agrarians. Recently the school of Irving Babbitt has broken a belated lance on the side of Burke's traditionalism as against Rousseau's revolutionary romanticism, and, more recently still, T. S. Eliot has sought to recapture for literature the values of the classical tradition and Robert M. Hutchins has sought to recapture for education the values of the medieval. But however great their merits and vigor, these efforts have been marginal and not central to American thought. They have been concerned with the broader European tradition and not with the basically American. Actually, the only national traditionalism in American thought has centered on the demagogic concept of "Americanism" and "un-Americanism," and it could be called an intellectual movement only if Colonel Simmons, who founded the Ku Klux Klan, and Martin Dies, who fathered the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities, could be called political thinkers.

The great American tradition was developed as part of a revolutionary quest for the good life. It now serves mainly the function of consolation against the fearful realities of life, a sedative against the fretful and sleepless night of the modern world. For the possessing classes, and for those linked psychologically with their fears, tradition has become not a sword with which to hew out a world, but a panoply behind which to hide from the world.

This may serve to explain (if we remember that a heritage is at any moment a selection of symbols out of the past) why the Americans of today choose to stress in their heritage the particular symbols they do. Almost invariably they have avoided the symbol of Revolution, as though

by some magical astringency the fact of revolution in the world around them could be dispelled by silence about their own revolutionary past. Similarly it has been almost as compelling a semantic imperative to speak of freedom as the core of the American tradition, but not of equalitarian democracy.

But the big symbols of government and economics have been four: the Constitution (and the Supreme Court as its custodian); Congress as the tribune of the people, as against the potential tyranny of the executive power and of the administrative bureaucracy; free speech; and the inviolate rights of property. Of these the Constitution has been the strongest symbol over the longest span of American history, while the Court as its custodian, has been given the support of the Big Press mainly during the three-quarters of a century (from the end of the Civil War to the creation of a New Deal majority) when the Court was safely conservative. Congress has been not so much a positive symbol as a convenient alternative to the negative symbol of the bureaucracy. Free speech has been given lip-service, but the vast inequality in class power, as reflected in the structure of the opinion industries, has meant at best what the economists call an "imperfect competition" of ideas in practice. But there can be no question about the hold that the symbol of property has had on the American mind. On the whole the symbols of wealth and material success have had a greater staying-power than those of freedom and equality. Attracted by them, Americans have surrendered the will of their belief to the trustees and custodians of that success. They have come to accept the symbols of the stability of institutions and the sanctity of property as the equivalent of the American tradition.

Latterly there has been an effort to make the "free enterprise economy" the center and sum of the American tradition. The effort is an interesting one if you view it in terms of the

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techniques of political symbolism. It capitalizes on the deep hold that the symbols of free speech and other civil liberties have in the American rhetoric. The "free" in "free enterprise economy" thus links the civil liberties tradition with the economic power of a class, and glosses over the rather abrupt transition, concealing the gap between intellectual libertarianism and capitalist power. And behind the symbol of civil liberties is the symbol of the Constitution itself, which in its Bill of Rights guarantees them. Thus the equation becomes "Constitution equals Free Speech equals Free Enterprise Economy," and by imperceptible stages a debatable system of economic organization and power, of dubious validity either in terms of social justice or in terms of effective survival in the modern world, becomes invested with the sanctity and stability of the Constitution itself. During the long period of what Boudin has called "government by judiciary" it was unnecessary to push symbolic ingenuity to such lengths. It was possible to invest corporate wealth and power with sanctity by the direct process of Supreme Court interpretation of the "due process" clause. But since the days of the constitutional crisis of the New Deal this could no longer be achieved so directly, and indirection became imperative.

But it is only in the public and political symbols that the American tradition has been at the mercy of a fear-ridden conservatism. In private terms as well, the search for old colonial houses and inns and furniture, where it is not merely antiquarianism, is a search for security and roots in a rootless and insecure age. In a civilization in which, as Franklin Roosevelt put it, "we are all immigrants, we are all the descendants of revolutionists," the pride of belonging to one of the "First Families" may be only a way of avoiding the stigma of belonging to the later arrivals. And in a civilization which has become increasingly urban, sophisticated, bewildered, the vogue of books about the more rural and simple American past represents the nostalgia of the streamlined and successful American thinking back to his boyhood days—the days of fortitude on farm and frontier, the days when there was stern family discipline, patriarchal (or matriarchal) authority, monolithic convictions. Traditionalism has become little more than the ceremonial of the sick spirit.

What then has become of the dynamism of the American tradition? It is not, and has never been, dead. It has lived on, not in the musty efforts to coat new ideas of oligarchical power with the trappings of the American past, but in the simple courage and friendliness of the ordinary American, the common sense which has made him adapt old forms to new needs, the fortitude with which he faces an unknown future. In this spirit America may yet rediscover and re-make a dynamic tradition, by an organicism that selects the best elements out of the past and links with the collective will that is shaping a not impossible future.

This is a creative, not a passive, process. It is not a pride-ridden antiquarianism, nor a parrot-like insistence that youngsters must study the history of American greatness. It is not a fumbling for ancestors. It is rather a process of rediscovering what it was that kindled their spirit in their own times, and an effort to find the equivalent spirit in the resources of today. As Nietzsche put it: "The verdict of the past is always an oracle: only as architects of the future, as knowers of the present will you understand it." André Malraux saw the same truth with the insight of a poet: "Every civilization is like the Renaissance, and creates its own heritage out of everything in the past that helps it to surpass itself. A heritage is not transmitted: it must be conquered. And moreover it is conquered slowly and unpredictably. We do not demand civilizations made to order any more than we demand masterpieces made to order." And Jean Jaurès put it briefly and simply: "We must take from the past its fires, not its ashes."

There are those who seek the dynamism of the American tradition in the radical democratic past alone, and those who seek it in the past dynamism of American capitalism alone. There are those who seek it in literature and political theory and the works of the American mind, and others who seek it in folklore and ballads and the works of the popular spirit. But to take such a view is to truncate the American experience. What is best and most dynamic in the American spirit has operated in every area of American life. There has been the dynamism of the pioneer and the mechanic, the small farmer and the worker; of the tool-maker, the inventor, the captain of industry—yes, even, in his own freebooting way, of the "robber baron." There has been the dynamism of the radical pamphleteer, the democratic political leader, the intellectual who saw with clarity and wrote what he saw with courage, the government administrator who worked through wearisome hours to

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The Road to Ruin

THE CIANO DIARIES, 1939 - 1943. *Edited by Hugh Gibson. Introduction by Sumner Welles. New York: Doubleday & Company.* 1946. 584 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by VINCENT SHEEAN

ON New Year's Day 1939, Count Galeazzo Ciano di Buccari, foreign minister of Italy and son-in-law to the Duce del Fascismo, began to keep a diary. If he had one earlier he did not preserve it, but the journal begun on that day was to grow heavy with so many secrets that it became his chief treasure long before the end. It was a known document; in the earlier years he used to show it to visitors, as he did to Sumner Welles in 1940; the Germans were eager to get it. And yet, when the luckless weakling at last faced the firing squad, two years ago this month, his wife Edda, who seems to have been loyal in the hour of tragedy, was on her way over the mountains to Switzerland with these papers tied tight to her body beneath the ample skirts of a Milanese peasant dress. The document reaches us now in a translation which appears to have been the work of Mr. Al Capone's secretaries, abounding in expressions like "pass the buck" and "big shot" and "kick in the pants," but perhaps, when all is said, this is the nearest equivalent to be found in our language for the idiom of the Palazzo Chigi and the Palazzo Venezia, those dream-palaces in which the Roman gangsters strutted their brief hour.

The story is wondrous and terrible, with a Sophoclean foreboding to warn us, from the very start, that it will end in disaster. The most remarkable thing of all is that this tragedy is not marred by the triviality of its protagonist. Ciano was born, lived, and died a pipsqueak, and if he had not kept this diary he would have remained a pipsqueak in the historic drama to the end of time. But somehow the magnitude of the events that are here recorded, their shape in destiny, their echo down the caverns of the future, confer a part of their own significance upon the wretched little man who wrote them down, so that in the end, cowardly Fascist pander though he was, he acquires a bleak, forlorn air of dignity in spite of himself: he is like a medium whose inadequate voice translates from another world the august voices of Aeschylus and Shakespeare; he is an amanuensis for the goddess History. And although there is little that is honorable in either his life or his death, he did at least place this testimony upon the altar of truth, where it will remain for ever.

Perhaps—let us be frank—all readers will not share the passionate interest that held me enthralled from beginning to end of this unique record. To many the war just ended meant little: it was at best a chance to assert identities, carve out fortunes or careers, exchange old ambitions and excitements for new ones. But for those of us who lived in anguish for ten years, conscious at every moment of the deadly danger and pitting our feeble energies against it in any way we could, there is an irresistible fascination in this detailed evidence from the heart of the enemy's conspiracy. Not even the stenographic records now available at

Nuremberg, invaluable though they are, could quite fill in the gaps as does this running daily comment upon the road to ruin. At the beginning we see the Fascists in all their glory, Ciano at the Palazzo Chigi, Mussolini at the Palazzo Venezia, Ribbentrop and Chamberlain dancing attendance upon them. Ethiopia has been conquered, Spain almost conquered, Albania about to be conquered whenever the moment shall seem propitious; covetous dark eyes look over the Ionian Sea to Greece. Great dreams of power inhabit this air; Ciano thinks he will give all of Morocco to Spain after he has Franco firmly installed in Madrid, and will take only Algeria and Tunisia for Italy; Mussolini, irritated in his splendor by the obstinate survival of King and Pope, bides his time until they, too, can be swept from his path; the reorganization of the world "for a thousand years" is in prospect, and the Axis honeymoon is at its height. Here, in the earlier pages of this diary, we see the *hubris* of the Greeks, the *orgoglio e dismusura* of Dante, expressed with a force to which Ciano's illiteracy and ignorance add special ironic support. The "Pact of Steel" is signed at Berlin in May 1939, with the distinct understanding that the great war shall not be provoked for the space of at least three or four years, so as to give Italy ample time to prepare.

Then, during the summer, along with Ciano's jubilation over the conquest of Albania — which, with the imposition of Fascism in Spain, constituted his chief claim to Fascist immortality—we begin to find notes of disquiet. Attolico, the Italian ambassador in Berlin, keeps on sending messages which indicate that Hitler intends war. Ciano at first does not believe these intimations and shows much impatience with Attolico. As the crisis over Danzig and the Polish Corridor grows more intense, fed by all the resources of Nazi propaganda, Ciano begins to think that something must be going on, something upon which he is not informed; he is summoned to the meeting at Salzburg (August 11-13, 1939) in which at last his eyes are opened. Hitler and Ribbentrop are implacably resolved upon war, general war in Europe, and no peaceful solution, however satisfactory to the so-called German claims, will be accepted in its stead.

This is the end of the first act. Ciano had in fact gone to Salzburg with a plan to satisfy the Germans without war; he seems to have believed that he might be able to talk Halifax into some accommodation; at any rate he and Mussolini were prepared to try their hands at another Munich, and thought they might succeed again. First Ribbentrop and then Hitler dispelled all such notions. Hitler (Lucifer, son of the morning!) insisted that "the great war must be fought while he and the Duce are still young." The ghastly lunacy of such a statement shocked even Ciano and induced him to speak more frankly, both to the Germans and to Mussolini, than he had dared before. (His statements in the diary are, I am informed, amply supported by the official stenographic record of the Salzburg and Berchtesgaden meetings, now in Allied possession at the Nuremberg trials.)

From this point onward the story darkens steadily to a climax of horror in the ruins of prostrate Italy. Ciano spoke up in private with Mussolini, with the King, and even with the Pope; he appears to have opened his mind also to the British, French, and American ambassadors to some extent; in the German embassy he had a friend in Otto von Bismarck, who with his lovely Danish wife was

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bitterly anti-Nazi and shared Ciano's hatred of Ribbentrop. (Most of this was fairly generally known in Rome even in 1940, as I well remember: Ciano's diary only confirms and amplifies what could not be proved before.) Mussolini was resolved to go to war as soon as he possibly could, in spite of the fact that he had only ten divisions fit for combat; Ciano's effort to keep out of the war was foredoomed to failure in the face of the Duce's conviction that the German army was irresistible. Mussolini had no respect whatever for the Italian people, as is well known, and his expressions of scorn for them are frequently recorded in this journal. His anger with the anti-German King and the independent Pope produced other outbursts which Ciano put down without much comment; no other anti-Fascist elements seem to have caused him a moment's reflection. The "stab in the back" (June 10, 1940) which was Italy's inglorious declaration of war against France and Great Britain was, upon this evidence, the work of Mussolini alone, deeply dreaded by most Italians even in the Fascist party, and the cataclysmic consequences of this act fill the diary up to the last entry, written in a cell of the Verona jail a few days before the author was executed by his father-in-law.

There is little doubt in my mind that Ciano kept this diary with the deliberate intent of justifying his own course after the inevitable catastrophe. He denies it, and in the last entry asserts that it was kept purely for the service of the truth; the motive matters little. What is important is that the document bears the stamp of truth on every page, and sheds great light upon the characters and episodes of the awful drama. It is immensely quotable: we hear the Duce railing against both Roosevelt and Hitler as "great jackasses," being moreover "of kindred races," and we see Victor Emanuel, who had swallowed the camel of Fascism without a grimace, straining at the gnat of an honor (the Collar of the Annunziata) for Hermann Goering. We see the Duce degraded progressively from his grandeur until he is scarcely more than a lackey for Hitler, summoned by telephone at all hours of the day and night and forced to sit silent for hours on end while the Fuehrer holds forth. On December 13, 1941, the gloomy and irritated Ciano wrote:

> The Minister from Cuba came to declare war. He was very emotional, and was disappointed that I did not share his emotion. But, after having had the good fortune, or is it the misfortune, to declare war on France, on Great Britain, on

> Russia and on the United States, could the good man really think that I would turn pale on learning that Sergeant Batista was mobilizing against us the forces of Cuba on land and sea and in the air? Ecuador, too, has declared war, but I had my secretary receive the Minister.

This is perhaps the last time the note of Fascist pride sounds in Ciano's record. The ships go on being sunk; the Italian merchant marine and Italian navy are sacrificed piecemeal; the army encounters disaster after disaster, even from the Greeks; the empire vanishes, the bombs rain down on the cities, the ruin of Italy is consummated, and in the final entry, written in the Verona jail, the once gay young spark of the Rome Golf Club gives us this book as "the raw material from which the book could have been prepared later"—*i.e.*, if he had been spared for "a quiet old age." We are indebted to Mussolini for the fact that our fine-feathered friend did not live to rearrange these notes into a justificatory autobiography; it is better thus.

The moral confusion throughout is, of course, complete. Galeazzo Ciano was against the war merely because he thought Italy could not win it, and for no more respectable reason. In a sense not intended by Dante, *galeoto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse.* To invade Spain, Ethiopia, Albania, and Greece was perfectly all right; in fact Ciano is nauseatingly proud of his own part in these achievements, particularly Spain and Albania. His political depravity was unlimited; he was a true Fascist. But his heart failed him at the thought of fighting England, France, Russia, and the United States, and his sense of the inevitable transformed him at crucial times into an enemy of the Nazi policy. At the end he seems to assume some kind of halo for this, like a murderer who draws the line at the fifth or sixth assassination, and he approaches the firing squad with some queer sense of virtue and martyrdom. His character is indeed one of the elements of strongest fascination in the whole fascinating book. Not least remarkable of its traits is its really staggering superficiality, which causes the reader to wonder again and again how such nincom-

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

LIES AND LIARS

Here are some of the memorable lies and liars from the pages of literature. How many of them do you recall? Allowing 5 points for each character you can identify, and another 5 for the story in which he appears, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 30.

1. To save his girl friend from being whipped for tearing a page in their teacher's medical book, this boy took the blame.
2. He alibied his embroidery of a lie by saying that it was "merely corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative."
3. Although her husband had forbidden her to eat macaroons, she ate them anyway, and told him she hadn't.
4. Out of ammunition, this noted tale-spinner shot a stag with some cherry pits, hit him in the head, and found him two years later with a ten-foot cherry tree sprouting between his antlers.
5. Upon discovering that her sister's fiance was unexpectedly prosperous, she told him that the sister was about to marry another man and then married the gullible victim herself.
6. After dropping her wedding ring down a well, she told her husband, for some obscure reason, that she had lost it at the sea shore.
7. During the siege of Paris in 1870, this elderly invalid, an ex-soldier, was led by his granddaughter and his physician to believe that Berlin, not Paris, was under siege.
8. Stimulated by a whiskey-and-soda contributed by a fellow member of the Billiards Club, this gentleman could remember some most amazing adventures.
9. Using the fact that the French windows happened to be wide open, this romantic young lady convinced a caller that her aunt was insane and that her other relatives were dead and haunting the house.
10. He falsely identified as his brother the body of a dead soldier in order to get the $10,000 insurance.

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poops rise to positions of eminence in any state, even under an irresponsible dictatorship. For example, Ciano appears to have been totally unaware of ordinary Italian life and ordinary Italian people; the workers, peasants, and intellectuals do not exist for him; when we move into the world of this book we leave real life far behind and converse only with monsters or the elect—Duce, Pope, and King, ambassadors and princes, Darlan, Laval, Hitler, and Ribbentrop—most of whom have forgotten the good earth under foot and the wine of the country.

Fascism was, of course, a form of *folie de grandeur*, but that particular illness seems to have afflicted Ciano even more than it did most. Even Mussolini had some contact with real life: for example his mistress, Clara Petacci, although an extremely vulgar adventuress whose main interest was to rob the Italian treasury for the benefit of all her relatives and their dependents (including her mother's lover and those of her sisters), was at least a member of the population. Ciano does not appear to have had any acquaintance with members of the population. One feels that if he ever at any point would quote an ordinary Italian soldier or a chambermaid, or even one of those spies who used to serve as bellboys at the Hotel Excelsior, some of this fantastic remoteness from the earth might be mitigated. But it is all in the stratosphere, and one remembers, with wonder, the days when the little whippersnapper used to be a vice-consul in Shanghai and worked for his living, even as you and I. By the time he started to write this diary he had completely forgotten it. The results are at times laughable in the extreme, as when he puts on *petit maitre* airs of aristocracy, decides that Sumner Welles is a "gentleman"—what an accolade!—that Goering is vulgar or that Otto Bismarck is one of his own sort. In the midst of the moral and political degradation of Fascist Rome, at an era when even he has to say that the Fascist party is "an environment of old whores," this Neronian homunculus cherishes a secret sense of superiority and is only truly humiliated once—that is when Mussolini in a public speech makes the mistake of saying that Englishmen wear dinner jackets to "drink their five o'clock tea." On this occasion Edda, who understood about dinner jackets, hastened to the Palazzo Chigi with a note asking Ciano to cut the error out of the published version of the speech, and between them they saved the day.

Serious historical evidence is, however, abundant throughout the book and holds its own whatever may be the character or attainments of the author. For one thing, any misunderstanding about Franco's role in the Axis can scarcely survive a perusal of these notes (not to speak of the stenographic records now in Allied possession). Franco was at Hitler's and Mussolini's disposal at all times up until the war began to be lost. Hitler did not want Spain to declare war because he thought she would be a military liability and was more useful as a non-belligerent. That is clear. Laval was also at Hitler's disposal, but was treated with no consideration whatever. Ribbentrop was a stupid ignoramous, but he deliberately plotted and set off the war in the service of Hitler's determination. The war guilt is clear, irrefutable. Mussolini's dementia, as well as his syphilis and stomach ulcers, get due attention. The attitude of the House of Savoy towards the war and towards the Germans is made perfectly clear. A signal service is done by Ciano towards the present Pope, who, as Cardinal Pacelli, had been often suspected of benevolence to the Axis: Ciano says he was ready to go to a concentration camp rather than "do violence to his conscience." Mussolini's lifelong hatred of the monarchy and the Papacy led to some strange notions of history, as the theory that the Popes had ruined Italy by making it international and thus destroying its national vigor. The conduct of the war, between Italian poverty and incompetence and German arrogance, is narrated in the steady light of an intelligence which, limited though it was, had been strengthened and concentrated by a sense of impending disaster.

A myriad small revelations accompany these larger bodies of evidence. For example, Ciano had most of our codes and spent a good deal of time reading the confidential dispatches of our ambassadors. He seems to have gleaned a good deal from such remote sources as the reports from Kuibishev to Ankara by the Turkish ambassador

to Russia, for instance—things which the Italians (like ourselves) plucked out of the murmurous air. He records the astonishing fact that when war was declared with England he did not possess one reliable spy in that country. (I could have put him on to quite a few.) He did, however, have a spy in the German embassy. His relations with the Russian chargé d'affaires, Helfand, were interesting: upon being summoned home to Russia this gentleman, who had received a faint whiff of the firing squad, came to Ciano to ask aid in escaping to New York, where indeed he now lives. These and other small matters fill out the great tragic outlines.

Too often during and since the war it has been assumed that because Italy is not and never was a great power (except in Mussolini's dream), it is therefore unimportant. Such a view ignores what is most valuable in the heritage of mankind. Scarcely anything of consequence in the progress of Western civilization has been evolved without heavy contributions from Italy, up to and including the atomic bomb. Indeed the splendor of Italy's millennial achievement is almost in inverse ratio to the military and material strength of the Fascist state, which proved to be negligible. And beyond the achievement, great though that is in every field of human activity, is the idea of Italy itself, supreme and eternal in the mind of Western man, a distinct concept unlike any other: we can see how true this is if we try to imagine a history of the West without Italy. This is why the diary of Galeazzo Ciano from 1939 to 1943 is, in spite of its source, a document which compels the imagination to contemplate with wonder, and, in the end, with pity and terror, the unfolding of its woeful tale. Nothing since the House of Atreus has been more quintessentially tragic than the course which condemned our Italy, a part of the patrimony of all men, to attempt that sinister speculation which resulted in ruin. Here, indeed, is Até: the blind and headlong rush into destruction. From the Alpine lakes to Calabria men and women in their millions are paying in toil and sorrow, famine and despair, for the monstrous ambition of a handful of adventurers. There was a time when even the birds went away; they may have come back by now, but one wonders what they find to eat. A broken column stands against the blue sky; the sound in the distance is the cry of women. As Ciano wrote in his diary on the day he declared war, God help Italy!

No lesser assistance appears to b available.

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Russia, Pre- and Post-Lenin

A PICTURE HISTORY OF RUSSIA. Edited by John Stuart Martin. New York: Crown Publishers. 1945. 379 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS FISCHER

THIS book of 376 large-format pages contains 1200 photographs, maps, prints of paintings, charts, and tables. Many are rare and valuable, and it is useful to have them collected in one volume. Apparently, however, history needs words. The "Picture History" is supplied with numerous pages and paragraphs of text, some of it written in *Time*-ese.

Following the new Soviet pattern of rehabilitating pre-Bolshevik Russia, the editor of the volume, who was advised by such students of Czarism and Stalinism as Sir Bernard Pares and Professors Frederick Schuman and Vladimir D. Kazakevich, devotes two hundred pages to the era of monarchist despotism, 110 pages to the 1917-41 Soviet period, and the remainder to the Soviet-Nazi war and its diplomatic aftermath.

The portrayal of the Soviet construction years—1928 to 1941—and of the fighting years is interesting but not moving. I can recall many photographs by Margaret Bourke-White and by Soviet cameramen which were exciting and transmitted the thrill of big events. This book would have benefitted by some of them. The pictures here are rather too literary; too many tell stories and too few convey strong impressions.

I have been wondering whether the editor received any complaints from his advising consultants. In his preface, for instance, Mr. Martin says that "in this war [with the Nazis] the Russians were headed, not by a tsar, but by the tsarlike head of a political system which is supposed to be the antithesis of tsarism." There is no undue adoration of Stalin although he gets due attention. On page 225 is a picture "of the group who put over the October Revolution in 1917." It includes Lenin, Trotzky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Bukharin, Rykov, Radek, Kollontai, Sverdlov, Lunacharsky, Pokrovsky, and Krylenko. "Conspicious is the absence from this inner circle of Joseph Stalin," reads the accompanying note. Of the twelve only Madame Kollontai is alive. Four died normally, four were sentenced to death in the Moscow trials, one was executed without a trial, and Radek received a long jail sentence. As for Trotzky, the editor is not sure. "Trotzky's demise in 1940," he writes, "whether or not engineered by Moscow . . ." Equally unorthodox is the editor's explanation of the revival of the church in Russia in recent years. It was done "partly to aid in arousing patriotism, partly as an instrument of foreign policy in countries where Russian Orthodoxy could oppose Roman Catholicism (which opposes Communism)." I note also this phrase: " . . . the illfamed OGPU . . . the Union's all-seeing, all-knowing political and security police."

Trotzky gets his ration of photos and text (not as much as Peter the Great, to be sure, but then Peter gets more than Lenin). I am surprised, however, that authorities on Russia like Schuman and Kazakevich let pass this sentence: "Trotzky and his followers . . . claimed that if the world revolution were not coming soon, the Soviets in Russia might as well give up." This was never Trotzky's idea. It is likewise incorrect to suggest that Stalin was responsible for the slogan, "He who does not work, does not eat."

The book contains a chronology from Rurik of Novgorod in the ninth century A.D. to Hiroshima, a table on Soviet nationalities by Corliss Lamont, a leading American friend of the Soviet Union, and other interesting data.

Life's Little Ironies

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF BAYARD TAYLOR AND PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE. Edited with an introduction and notes by Charles Duffy. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 1945. *xi* + 111 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

THESE few letters exchanged between a Northern and a Southern poet in the seventies have little value in themselves. They are notable for neither insight nor skill; but lesser men, by their very shortcomings, often reveal more about themselves and their worlds than do the great. These letters tell a story by their very failure to tell it. By a skilful selection and arrangement of both published and unpublished material, Mr. Duffy has allowed his two poets to expose themselves to the ironies of historical perspective. His volume makes the modern reader wince at the pettiness and blindness of man, especially of nineteenth-century American man.

Here is the setting as it seemed to the chief actors: Bayard Taylor was perhaps the leading literary man of his day; more learned, more traveled, more productive, and more widely read and listened to than even Longfellow, Lowell, or Howells. His mental and physical vigor was astounding; his writing original and masterful. He could turn out poems, essays, travel letters, and translations almost as fast as the eager Northern presses could issue them, without interrupting his triumphal lecture tours and his round of social lionizing. His income from his work was steady and substantial. He was the perfection of literary success in the triumphant North. As the book closes, he is off to the culminating reward for his virtues, the ambassadorship to Russia.

Paul Hamilton Hayne, on the other hand, spoke for culture in the defeated South. When his possessions were burned by the Northern armies, he had retired to Copse Hill, "16 miles from Augusta on the Ga R R." Physical frailty kept him from stirring from his rural retreat and few sought him out. Determined, like Taylor, to live by his writing, he was reduced to the role of suppliant of Northern bounty because there were, as he tells us, no readers in the South. His last letter to Taylor, written from the sick-bed amid premonitions of death, concludes, "Don't forget your poor, fortune-battered friend, amid the *splendors* of the *Time to come!*"

The record tells us that Taylor was dead within the year; that Hayne lived eight years longer; and if we search among the minor poets in the modern anthologies, we are more likely to find Hayne's verses to his beloved Southern pines than any of Taylor's "grave, deeply-pondered, no-

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ble work." Time has neither validated nor reversed the mutual opinions of these two friends who never saw each other; it has merely shown that both were victims of false values in a confused cultural era, that the similarities in their poetic endowments were more significant than the differences in their human lots.

Unpleasant as are Hayne's wailing testimonials to the greatness of his friend and Taylor's condescending comfort for the obscure Southerner, these letters are naked testimony to the cultural blindness and confusion of the post-Civil War years. No commentary could tell the story more clearly.

Pageantry in Storied England

THE KING'S GENERAL. By Daphne du Maurier. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 371 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY

HERE is another historical romance obviously destined to find an enormous number of readers. It is a perfectly packaged, M-1 1946 product, streamlined and technicolor-bright. Essentially a piece of escapism, it is as carefully thought out and as neatly calculated to suit the post-war mood as anything on the market at the moment. By virtue of Miss du Maurier's patent enthusiasm for the antiquities of Cornwall, which often communicates itself to her writing, it even approaches a literary quality now and again. Always it is far more convincing and atmospheric than the other cloak-and-sword romances which have headed the best-seller lists of the past year. While it is never as tense and suspenseful as "Rebecca," it is likely to rank as the author's best book since that great success.

A minor episode in the "troubled island story" of three hundred years ago supplies the plot. A revolution was in progress in England at the time. Miss du Maurier is every inch a Royalist and can see the Roundheads only as selfish, ambitious men who availed themselves of the popular discontent at the heavy taxes and Stuart stubbornness of Charles I to lay hands on the property of the landed gentry. But Miss du Maurier is writing fiction and not history, and a lost cause is always won in the reader's sympathetic mind. So her wild, impulsive hero, tailored to a now familiar pattern, is Sir Richard Grenville, who was briefly "The King's General in the West" during the civil wars. In real life he had as much talent for picking quarrels with his fellow Royalists as for soldiering, but he did turn the Parliament's troops out of Cornwall once, and fled into exile in Holland only after incurring the enmity of the all-powerful Sir Francis Hyde, destined to become chancellor under the Restoration. To break conventional patterns and perhaps with the Johnston (ex-Hays) office in mind, Miss du Maurier cripples her heroine on the eve of her wedding to Sir Richard. She remains his devoted —and how lovely! — camp follower, but the relations of the pair are necessarily platonic throughout the story. No phil-Ambering for Miss du Maurier.

There is a haunted and haunting house with a secret room, an alluring but evil sister-in-law who turns up in moments of crisis, plenty of high-flown language, roast swan and burgundy for dinner, and all the while drum ruffles and fanfares offstage. The story is told with the necessary panache and magnificence. Any historical inaccuracies slip by unnoticed in the reader's general sense of pleasure in an interesting and well-told, if artificial, tale. And, thanks be, Miss du Maurier is not one of those historical novelists who feel that anything under 500,000 words is scarcely worth putting between covers.

The recent vogue for fiction of the school in which Miss du Maurier is so clearly a leader has been explained as a sharp reader-reaction against present confused world conditions. Yet readers of an era notorious for its positively boring sense of security made Scott and Dumas and a hundred other historical novelists rich and famous, and later generations read Lew Wallace and Weir Mitchell and Mary Johnston with avidity while this country was reaching its economic maturity and the dividends were rolling in. The popularity of costume fiction is no new phenomenon. It is here to stay—and at the top of the best-seller lists. The chief reason is evident: it satisfies almost all tastes. The romantically inclined, the historically minded, the lover of excitement, those with a liking for color and pageantry —all find enjoyment in historical fiction when it is as good as "The King's General."

Miss du Maurier "has become a supremely skilful literary confectioner rather than the fine novelist her first book promised."

Excellent as the author's performance is in this book, one cannot read it without a certain sense of regret. Once upon a time Miss du Maurier wrote a novel called "The Loving Spirit." It was young and naive, but it had a sincerity and poetic feeling in it that the author has never found again. Now her technique is superior and her palette richer, but her people are alive only in a vivid fourth dimensional unreality of their own. She has become a supremely skilful literary confectioner rather than the fine novelist her first book promised. The good things she concocts taste well enough, but they lack true flavor and are not highly sustaining.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 134

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 134 will be found in the next issue.

FOR NEED, PAIR U GPEHRC AD ORUTRD'W OAJO QEHRC, HAFO WAPRDF SRPAJOF WAFW UDS WNAPRW ED FOR DAJOF.

—HAPPAUN QPUIR. — DAJOF— GACWF WFUDKU.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 133

IT IS WITH NARROW-SOULED PEOPLE AS WITH NARROW-NECKED BOTTLES; THE LESS THEY HAVE IN THEM THE MORE NOISE THEY MAKE IN POURING OUT.

—ALEXANDER POPE.
—Thoughts on Various Subjects

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Behind the News Headlines

WELL DONE. By Morris Markey. New York: Appleton-Century. 1945. 223 pp. $2.75.

A RIBBON AND A STAR. By John Monks and John Falter. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1945. 242 pp. $2.75.

I'VE HAD IT. By Col. Beirne Lay, Jr. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 141 pp. $2.

FROM OMAHA TO OKINAWA. By William Bradford Huie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1945. 257 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THE atomic bomb and a somewhat surprising case of heart-failure on the part of Japanese leaders who discovered that national suicide included themselves as well as their subjects brought the war to an end before a good many people (including the present writer) expected. The result has been to leave hanging over into what would otherwise be a fairly normal book season a considerable number of those war books which were intended to elevate our spirits for continuing the battle and to give us some sense of what was going on behind the newspaper headlines.

It also forces the books to stand analysis not on their value as propaganda or journalism but as literature; and one is obliged to report that in this respect most of them stand on about the level of the campaign biographies of politicians. Partly this is due to censorship. "From Omaha to Okinawa" is a rather rambling and discursive book, mostly made up of small incidents and anecdotes, and all dealing with the Seabees. The Omaha in question is not in Nebraska but on the beachhead in France and the volume is supposed to be an account of Seabee activities from June 1944 to the time when Okinawa was secured. But that is exactly what it is not; for apparently written while the censorship restrictions were still in force and not revised since they came off, it omits the one most important thing about the whole Seabee set-up—how it happened that they were able to appear on a beach soon after its capture with the correct number of (for instance) motor mechanics and telephone linemen. The result is that the book is disconnected to a degree; there are no personalities, there seems very little central scheme to the whole thing, and it is of value chiefly for the statistics assembled in the appendix.

"I've Had It" probably also classifies as a campaign biography, though in this case an exceptionally good one. The only real trouble with it is that it has been done before and sometimes rather better—"Assignment in Brittany," for instance, where the author could develop a romantic escape story without being bothered by the awkward fact that most adventures are rather dull and pointless in the living. Colonel Lay was shot down in France. With another flier from his plane he wandered halfway across the country till he succeeded in finding a member of the underground who gave him a hideout on a farm. The Frenchmen were mostly friendly but also mostly frightened; there were one or two close calls and some fairly interesting people were met. But if the escape resulted in deep spiritual or emotional experience they have not been recorded here. It is good straight, easy-reading adventure stuff, the raw material of the escape stories of the future, and a record of French friendliness.

Both the other two books are something more serious. "A Ribbon and a Star" is helped in that direction by some extraordinary drawings by John Falter, but it does not need to lean on them for support. It is the record of the Third Marine Regiment on Bougainville—probably the best record of jungle warfare in the South Pacific yet to appear. Anyone interested in the tactical dispositions and progress of the fighting can find it all here; that is, the volume would do for a General Staff College.

This is what makes still more extraordinary the skill with which Mr. Monks has managed to get into it the feelings, remarks, and very way of life of the men on that particular front. Partly this is because Mr. Monks has managed to identify all his characters sharply, though a regiment is a very large organization and there can be but few men in this

The Witch Doctor

By A. L. Glaze, Lt. 13th Fighter Squadron, A.A.F.

WHEN it is time for the drums,
They sound low and brooding,
Cumbering the hushed air.
The conquered night and wind,
The crag and long sky
Each is drowned and fallen.
The sound is louder slowly
Slowly faster, dancers
Rising into the circle,
Into the drummers' hands,
Tide of the heart rushing,
Beat of the restless feet,
And the fire dazzling.
Beat is a-tingle in ear,
Ankle stamping earth,
And the spirit up and out
Beat, beating at sinews,
Soul rattling in skin,
Jumping though climactic drums
Career caught, have stopped.

The feast, the fire, the dancing drums are put away,
And blackness hugs us all. Spirit criers in the jungle
Howl from every cliff-peak, and ineffective stars
Seethe, a witch's pot. Shadow covers the mountain
Drifting tall and raggedly into the thin height.
Though there are signs of the lustful spring—its giddy scent
Touches the air, that is not a conquest, that is sleep.
The witchman broods and pokes his fire, calls the universe
Writhing his leather lips and listening for its answer.
Let him not sense my watching, or his yellow eyes
Will smoulder cold dangling me in flame,
And drop me. See how stiffly he watches the eastern horizon;
He wreathes clouds about the sky, kindles the stars,
Softly coaxes the delicate moon with the tip of his finger.
It has risen yellow—flings his shadow against the wall
With arm upraised. The whole terrible world shakes
For this one man, while I sleep dumb and weaponless.

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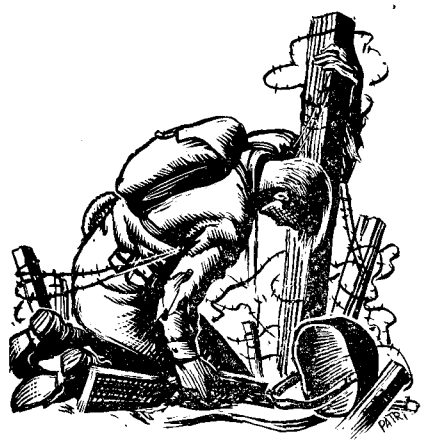
particular regiment who have not been noticed at least once. The technique is fictive in the sense that the relevant action is sought at the expense of avoiding much that goes to make up the monotonous motions of daily life. But this is not to say that it is fictional; five will get you ten that everything quoted in this book was said at approximately that time and by the person in question. Moreover this technique pays the dividend it usually does in fiction; that is, the events of daily life stand through so clearly that there is no need to emphasize them in order to make them perceptible to the reader.

The fourth book belongs in quite another category; it is one of the stories of ships, in this case the aircraft carrier *Essex*. Mr. Markey was apparently aboard during the Battle of the Philippine Sea in June 1944 and as he is a highly competent reporter, he has well caught the spirit of the wardroom. Here too the characters are clearly individualized—not quite as well as in "A Ribbon and a Star"—and one gets to learn after a while that when a personality is made to stand out with particular emphasis he is probably due to be shot down in the next chapter. But still it is a very good picture of what goes on aboard a carrier and how the individuals who make up ship and air crew fuse into a single fighting machine.

The only criticism that might be leveled against it is that the spirit of the wardroom has been a little too uncritically accepted as well as reproduced. It is certainly within Mr. Markey's rights to criticize the manner in which Admiral Spruance conducted one of the most decisive battles of the war; but to criticize it on the grounds that he does shows



that he has spent more time drinkng coca cola in the wardroom than in reading Mahan. The book is not so much a record or a final report as a piece of contemporary journalism; which is not to call down fire upon it, since journalism is both useful and necessary. There are even people who like to read it.

Poetry in New Zealand

A BOOK OF NEW ZEALAND VERSE (1923-45). Chosen by Allen Curnow. Christchurch, New Zealand: The Caxton Press. 1945. 195 *pp.* 12*s* 6*d.*

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WHEN Henry Seidel Canby was in New Zealand last summer he met Mr. Curnow at the Caxton Press. It is in its own proper and peculiar context that Mr. Curnow has set out to estimate the value of New Zealand verse, and this book is addressed to New Zealanders primarily; but we of the United States should be familiar with it, just as we are now becoming familiar with modern Canadian verse. I am therefore reviewing it here, even though there is not as yet an American edition.

There is an introduction of some forty pages that will stand for some time as a survey of the poetry and poetic impulse of New Zealand. In it the editor reviews the past. He arranges his poets chronologically; the eldest, Arnold Wall, is now seventy-five years old, while the youngest is nineteen. His bibliography includes the books of each poet chosen, verse miscellanies, books of criticism and reference. He says truly that "the good poem is something we may in time come to recognize New Zealand by, not something in which we expect to recognize obvious traces of the New Zealand we know. Local reference ought never to decide our estimate of a poem's worth." At the same time it is good to learn of New Zealand landscape and turns of thought, through these poems. In pioneering times there was more sentimental description than now, and Mr. Curnow tells us that the " 'second period' verse might be called escapist." Of the poets Mason and Cresswell, whom he includes, he says that the latter comes from "the most tranquil and reputedly English of New Zealand provinces," while the former, younger by ten years, is of Auckland, "restless town on a warm isthmus, 60 miles north," and professes Communism, which, however, has not affected his verse in any dogmatic way. This illustrates the fact that New Zealand poetry presents variety. And I quote the following words of Mr. Curnow as of especial interest to us:

> Should I generalize again, and say that in New Zealand we lack capacity for the tragic emotions, pity, wonder, or terror; and that this has one cause distinct from the sickness complained of everywhere in the world? We have allowed ourselves to feel protected always, hiding from actuality behind the maternal screen of England, though economic and political dependence need not corrupt imagination. And now we learn more about America, is that (on our part) mainly the same impulse to hide behind something war has made bigger, nearer, more reassuring? Besides, we have lived so long at a low intensity, because material needs have been easy to meet with a little industry, that this or that one's misfortune is either a joke, or if pitied, with a pity three parts contempt. We are stunted emotionally because we have not dealt directly with life, but through intermediaries.

But in the early thirties younger people began to attempt fresher verse in New Zealand. Denis Glover was one of these. "But I am surprised, looking back ten years, to find how little verse witnessing the economic crisis was actually printed." Denis Glover with J. S. S. Drew set up the Caxton Press in Christchurch; and R. S. Lowry started the Unicorn Press in Auckland. Of thirty - one Caxton Press publications between 1935 and 1941, twenty-five were verse. I am sorry I cannot linger further on Mr. Curnow's own analysis of the poets he chooses. I naturally turn to see what the younger poets have been doing, and find A. R. D. Fairburn, who was born in 1904, managing an original thing with an old theme in "Well Known and Loved," and ferociously reporting a modern "Belle Dame Sans Merci." In "Full Fathom Five" he is Dali-esque. In "Latter-Day Geography Lesson" R. A. K. Matson is silent; and his poems about Christ are so transposed into the present as to have especial impact. "Flow at Full Moon" is an unusual poem. Robin Hyde's "Journey from New Zealand" is a vivid poem of travel; and you have New Zealand landscape again in Charles Brasch's "Waianakarua." Mr. Curnow himself is significant in writing of "The Skeleton of the Great Moa in the Canterbury Museum, Christchurch":

> The skeleton of the moa on iron crutches
> Figures in no waste land; a private swamp
> Was where this tree grew feathers once, that hatches
> Its broods of dust, and guards them from the damp.
>
> Interesting failure to adapt on islands,
> Taller but not more fallen than I, who come
> Bone to his bone, peculiarly New Zealand's.

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The eyes of children flicker round this tomb

Under the skylights, wonder at the huge egg
Found in a thousand pieces, pieced together
But with less patience than the bines that dug
In time deep shelter against ocean weather.

Not I, some child, born in a marvellous year,
Will learn the trick of standing upright here.

And the youngest poet, James K. Baxter, writes well of mountains—

Why do you gaze into my lamp-lit solitude
With stone eyes O nearing mountains stone-crested
Murmuring madness — leaning and silted Druid monoliths
To kindred listening with secretive insane attention.

It is a unique land, New Zealand. Her poets show it, and are gathering strength.

The Goodness of the Past

THE LIBERAL TRADITION — A Study of the Social & Spiritual Conditions of Freedom. By William Aylott Orton. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1945. *xiv* + 317 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

THIS is a strange and unsatisfying book by a man who, looking backward, says wistfully: "How tranquil and secure seemed the old home across the retrospect of forty years!"—but who recognizes that "we could not live in it now," and so "we toil in tears, for we actually knew and experienced the goodness of the past." Yet through these tears "it is necessary and far more dangerous to fight for the values of the future."

I can believe that Professor Orton conceives of this book as an historical support for these values of the future. For in a painstaking way he traces the liberal tradition from Greece on down in eleven of his fifteen chapters, and his historic defenses are highlighted with vigor and style. But the relative emphasis as between retrospection and analysis of the current scene indicates what is, in fact, the mood of the entire book. It is, under its surface, nostalgic for the dear dead past of Victorian England which in deceptive retrospect seems so stable and secure.

Every contemporary problem which is brought for scrutiny to the touchstone of the liberal tradition is apparently being wrongly handled by today's experts. There is apparently no economic or sociological health in us. We are far gone down that road to serfdom. And even the Liberal party in England, to the past of which Professor Orton makes spirited obeisance, has now betrayed the liberal cause and followed Sir William Beveridge for a mess of social security pottage. The liberal tradition is dead; long may it live.

This is the discouraged undertone and upshot of the book, all of which is fair enough as representing the author's conviction. But so what? Our fear, he concludes, "can be exercised only by a spiritual revolution; (but) of this we shall not further speak." In other words, an earnest conviction, an array of historic evidence, the conveying of a wistful mood—these are all realized here. But surely one leaves the volume with less than a satisfactory sense of direction and of values to cherish which are implicit in the contemporary predicament. Even the way of Christianity, for which an eloquent and sympathetic case is made as a buttress of liberalism, is here so delineated that its adherents would find themselves not united with but divided away from those in other religions in the East who might otherwise lend support to the cause of liberalism in international affairs of all kinds.

As for the thesis that liberalism can still represent the effective way of ameliorative social change, that it either can or, on occasion, should try to "forestall the catastrophic phase of change," grave doubts could also be registered. Sympathy for the author's homesickness must not blind one to a full and honest exposure to all the facts and forces of our social scene.

On the same theme of freedom in community, for example, Carl Becker in his latest volume (as in many of his earlier), "Freedom and Responsibility in the American Way of Life," is actually as passionately democratic as Professor Orton, but he is surely more realistic and more dynamic in the kind of propulsive diagnosis he offers.

Perhaps when he has lived a little longer with the static goodness of the liberal past, Professor Orton can move on in another volume to tell us about the greater goodness he sees if and when his "spiritual revolution" becomes appealing.

Average Citizen

MY WAYWARD PARENT. By Elizabeth Cobb. Illustrated by F. Strobel. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1945. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

BIOGRAPHIES entrusted to members of the family often give their subjects heroic proportions. Elizabeth Cobb, however, is no stuffed bra; she has not only written an entertaining book, filled with funny stories and good citations from her father's works, but she has effectively recreated by her breezy style and humorous detachment something of the homespun personality of her wayward parent.

Irvin Cobb's life belongs in any complete collection of Americana. He rose from poverty to riches by his own considerable talent and much hard work. In religion, as he says, he was an innocent bystander; in politics, a conservative or Willkie Democrat. He wrote stories for the millions and commanded the highest prices. Yet he seems never to have been inwardly nourished by success. He would wander around European capitals, bored and obstreperous, caring mostly about his mail at the American Express. And he built himself a luxurious house in Westchester and never felt at home there.

In his willingness to take chances, in his foibles and generosities, in the brash but rewarding letters he wrote to *The Sun* and the German Emperor, even in his efforts to cure a case of flu by alternate doses of aspirin, whiskey, and pickled pigs' feet, Cobb was typical of the average citizen. "What the United States liked, Irvin Cobb liked . . . both deliberately and instinctively," says his daughter. No wonder that he considered the epoch between 1900 and 1914 as "the Golden Era of this world" and the climax of that Golden Era, to have been reached "when the Twentieth-Century Limited started running and William Jennings Bryan stopped."

Summer Song

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

THE flower leans against the fruit.
The leaf betrays the full design.
The bud begins the listening note
That swells to music, full, benign,
The wreath of sound that wakes the day;
That winds along the hour of June—
The petals falling as the sound
Is loosened on the empty vine.

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The Atomic Age

FEAR IN THE ATOMIC AGE

"I HOPE it will never work," were the first words of many scientists when they were told the purpose of the project they were joining. One might consider it strange and inconsistent that in spite of their hope that "it wouldn't work," these scientists helped to develop this weapon whose terror they clearly foresaw. The reason for this behavior was quite simple: the United States was at war. This war threatened the life and the way of life of every person in the country. It was common knowledge among the scientists that the Germans were working on the development of such a weapon. There was fear that the Germans were ahead in the race. As early as January, 1939, they had announced the principle of atomic fission, the present basis of the utilization of nuclear energy. Rumors further credited them with having established an atomic bomb project long before we did. Moreover, there was no good reason to believe that an atomic bomb could not be made to work.

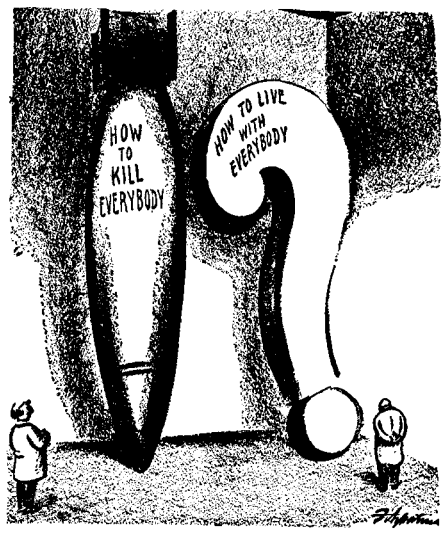
While the scientists were working they began to worry and continued to worry, because most of them realized that the use of atomic power as a weapon would decide World War II and then would require political changes of such fundamental nature that the world might hesitate to adopt them. This hesitation they feared might eventually entail the destruction of modern civilization.

Ever since the atomic bomb pulverized the city of Hiroshima, the fear of the weapon has spread from the scientists to the peoples of the world —fear that soon they, too, together with their children, their friends, their enemies, will be nothing but an insignificant part of a brightly colored, gigantic cloud, dispersing slowly fifty thousand feet above the surface of the earth.

In spite of the demonstrations given three times—in New Mexico, at Hiroshima, and at Nagasaki—many people have not yet fully realized that this terrible danger exists. It is not a nightmare, eloquently described and publicized, but a physical reality, whose power can be calculated and predicted. This weapon is here, and will stay with mankind until it either finds a greater terror or perishes with this one.

The demonstrations in New Mexico and in Japan were only a beginning. In a news release of October 13, 1945, four hundred men from the laboratory at Los Alamos, where the bomb itself was developed, warned the people of the world that the future holds atomic weapons tens, hundreds, and even thousands of times more powerful than those used against Japan, where the second one was reported already to have outmoded the first. Regardless of future developments, this beginning is fearful enough. It appears self-evident that mankind cannot take the chance of submitting to another war.

In this connection it should be remembered that science cannot foresee any specific defense against the atomic bomb. There are no ways to be expected for exploding atomic bombs at a distance or for detecting atomic mines planted in cities. It might be feasible to strike at some carriers of atomic bombs, with further development of detecting devices. It is almost certain, however, that at least some atomic bombs will find their mark. Since it is to be expected that the war of the future will start suddenly, possibly even anonymously, with explosions of mines or faster-than-sound rockets, it seems unlikely that any country's defenses could avert disaster.



—Fitzpatrick in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

Laboratory of Human Affiairs

It has been suggested that in an atomic war the initial casualties could at least be reduced by either dispersing the cities or moving them underground. It can be admitted that the dispersal of cities will tend to decrease the number of casualties per bomb. But it must be remembered that the dispersal of cities will involve the loss of a large part of our productive capacity during the time necessary for its accomplishment. We will also lose permanently the cultural and economic advantages which accompany the concentration of people and industries. We may lose our freedom of action, since this dispersal will entail drastic government supervision and legislation restricting the right of citizens to live any place in the country that they choose. And after we have made all these sacrifices, we still cannot be certain that a future attack with more powerful bombs will not paralyze the country.

It is hard to see what advantages can be gained from moving cities underground. This, too, would limit our production for many years, would handicap it permanently, and would subject our daily lives to rigid and continuous supervision. And when this was accomplished, we would still live in fear, since we could never be sure that a bomb might not convert this city into a gigantic death trap, or that a mine secretly brought into the city would not destroy it utterly.

IT must be remembered, as well, that these elaborate plans for defenses against an aggressor nation may prove completely meaningless if there should be an atomic war. It has been reported that at least one distinguished scientist at Los Alamos fully expected that the test bomb dropped there might set off a chain reaction, "igniting" the atmosphere, and destroying all life on earth. We do not know what the probability is that this will happen if more efficient bombs are developed, but many scientists fear that it is a definite possibility. It is felt that under these circumstances man cannot risk the dropping of more atomic bombs.

The situation seems desperate. The suggestions for defenses do not pretend to eliminate the possibility of an atomic war, but only to reduce the casualties in the event one should occur. It would seem reasonable, then, that our only hope lies in the elimination of wars and their causes, whatever effort may be necessary.

It has often been said that there always have been and always will be wars. Now, when wars have changed from gallant fights of knights and professional fights of paid soldiers to

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ruthless attempts to destroy the nation, their will to live, and their populations, a belief that there must always be wars is equivalent to a belief that mankind is bent on self-destruction. Such a belief is hard to support considering the history of man's increasingly active attempts to avoid wars by inter-group coöperation.

It is a misleading half-truth that wars always have been and therefore always will be. Many of the countries who have been fighting in World War II were built from parts which in the past, as independent factions, made war against each other. Thus, some wars between factions have been stopped. The wars of today are between very large groups, which thus could probably also be stopped.

After World War I an attempt was made to establish machinery to avoid its repetition. Less than ten years later war was outlawed "forever" in the Kellogg-Briand pact. As the Second World War moved on, the resolve to prevent a recurrence became even more widespread, and gave birth to the United Nations Organization, whose charter states:

> We the peoples of the United Nations, determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind . . . and for these ends to practise tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbors, and to unite our strength to maintain international peace and security, and to ensure, by the acceptance of principles and the institution of methods, that armed force shall not be used, save in the common interest . . . have resolved to combine our efforts to accomplish these aims.

THIS charter was drawn up before the nations of the world knew of atomic explosives. Surely such sincere endeavor on the part of the peoples of the world must be successful if the means of accomplishment can be found. Surely the resolve to eliminate wars must be even stronger, now that the destructive powers of this weapon have become common knowledge.

In the face of this strong desire for peace, and the general realization that another war cannot be hazarded, it appears incongruous that nations today are talking in terms of their future defenses. The attempts to preserve the "secret" of the atomic bomb as an exclusive Anglo-American possession seem to fall into the same class.

There is no reason to doubt that the actions of the United States are best described in the words of President Truman: "In our possession of this weapon, as in our possession of other new weapons, there is no threat. . . . The possession in our hands of this new power for destruction we regard as a sacred trust." Unfortunately, such actions might be misinterpreted by other nations as an implicit threat, and they might act accordingly. Furthermore, it should be pointed out that in the opinion of the scientists, as voiced in a large number of statements in the press, in letters, and at Congressional hearings, this "trust" cannot last longer than the time necessary for other nations to build their supplies of bombs. After that has happened this trust may rapidly degenerate into mutual distrust, with each country fearing that it will have to strike first in order to survive. It is therefore believed that eventually this policy will continually increase the probability for war. The scientists have further pointed out that the time necessary for the independent development of the bomb by other nations may be very short. This independent development seems to be already under way. An AP dispatch of October 5, 1945, reported that Argentina had banned export of uranium, because of "the utmost importance of the mineral for the future." According to *The New York Times* of October 19, France has announced the creation of a "standing permanent commissariat for the study and development of atomic energy" with "unnamed expenditures that will be secret and exempted from the usual budgetary controls." In his speech on November 6, Foreign Commissar Molotov promised that Russia "will have atomic energy and many other things, too."

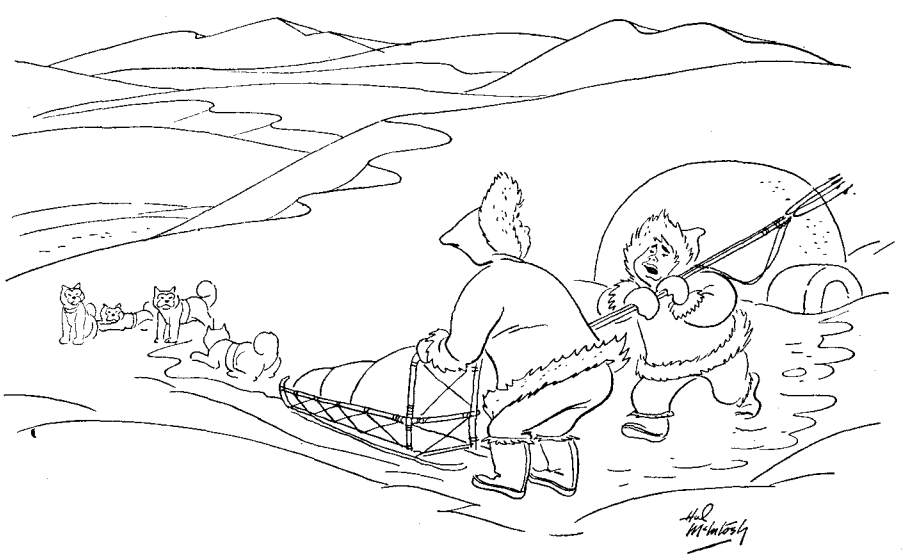
Considering all this, would it not be advisable to commit the production and control of atomic energy to an international organization, and thus at least make an attempt to promote the cause of peace by this weapon?

This suggestion has been most severely criticized by a considerable proportion of the American press, by commentators, and by legislators. Most of them agree that eventually international control of atomic power and other armaments is an absolute necessity, but they feel that an adequate machinery has to be built first. This clearly indicates a basic distrust in the efficacy of the United Nations Organization and its ability to avoid wars. A rather strange criticism of an organization which was expressly designed to prevent them!

THIS criticism may appear unjust and premature, since it was only on October 24th that Secretary of State Byrnes announced that sufficient ratifications to the United Nations charter had been deposited to bring it into effect. Moreover, the first meeting of the United Nations is yet to come. It probably is hasty to voice distrust in an organization even before it has had a chance to show its ability and efficacy.

There is little doubt that the United Nations Organization as it stands should be given the chance to prove its ability to handle international problems, and especially the problem of control of the atomic bomb and all other weapons of war. It was probably in this spirit that the American Association for the United Nations, Inc., released its statement on October 29, 1945, requesting that the United Nations Organization deal with this problem at its first meeting.

Without trying further to increase any distrust of the United Nations Organization which might exist, the following criticisms of its charter appear justified. These criticisms should



"Well, here we go again in our eternal quest for food, grimly struggling for existence on these bleak and limitless wastes . . . "

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be read remembering that the United Nations Organization is today our only existing international organization, whose efforts for the furtherance of international coöperation should be supported to the fullest. These criticisms are intended to point out that under the present charter the probability for war appears to be greater than can be tolerated in an age of atomic weapons.

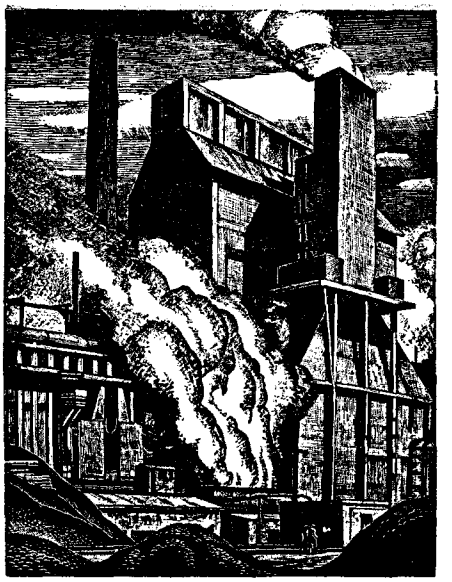
One would expect that an international organization which has been established to avoid wars would have as its main objective the removal of the causes of war. In contrast to this, the United Nations Organization charter states as its apparent main objectives the settlement of disputes between nations by peaceful means, and through this, the avoidance of wars. Thus, among its purposes are:

> To maintain international peace and security, and to that end: to take effective collective measures for the prevention and removal of threats to the peace, and for the suppression of acts of aggression or other breaches of the peace, and to bring about by peaceful means, and in conformity with the principles of justice and international law, adjustment or settlement of international disputes or situations which might lead to a breach of the peace. (Article 1, Paragraph 1).
>
> All Members shall settle their international disputes by peaceful means in such a manner that international peace and security, and justice, are not endangered. (Article 2, Paragraph 3).
>
> All Members shall give the United Nations every assistance in any action it takes in accordance with the present Charter, and shall refrain from giving assistance to any state against which the United Nations is taking preventive or enforcement action.

It can be seen from these quotations that the United Nations Organization charter recognizes the possible development of threats to the peace, a recognition which is tantamount to a realization that there is a fair probability for war.

The powers of the security council* as delineated in the charter further substantiate this criticism. "The specific powers granted to the Security Council for the discharge of these duties are laid down in chapters VI, VII, VIII, and XII," whose titles are, "Pacific Settlement of Disputes" (Chapter VI), "Action with Respect to Threats to the Peace, Breaches of the Peace, and Acts of Aggression" (Chapter VII). Chapters VIII and XII deal with regional arrangements and international trusteeship systems.

*The general assembly has no right to action, but can only make recommendations and discuss problems. Thus, its powers do not affect the conclusions reached here.



Thus, irrespective of what else the charter may say, the recognition of the probability of the development of disputes is enough to warrant further improvements in the charter and the inclusion of specific directives for the elimination of the causes of these disputes. In short, the charter describes how it would like nations to act toward each other, but does not give specific directives or laws which prescribe their behavior—except in the settlement of disputes.

A further weakness in the ability of the United Nations Organization to eliminate causes of disputes appears to stem from the principle that "nothing contained in the present Charter shall authorize the United Nations to intervene in matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state" except in the case of "application of enforcement measures." Although this principle appears desirable, a definition of "essentially in the domestic jurisdiction" should be included. Otherwise nations might take certain "domestic" actions over which the organization would have no control until they should develop into international disputes.

The probability for war is further increased by the veto right accorded any one of five large nations, a veto right which makes the United Nations Organization as a whole unable to handle disputes in which any one of the permanent members of the security council is involved. This is exactly the type of conflict which is most to be dreaded, and the probability of its occurrence is at least as great as the probability of a conflict between any other two nations.

The granting of veto powers to the permanent members of the security council is probably in accordance with the principle that larger and stronger nations should have more voice than smaller nations. This appears to be a just principle in general, but under no circumstances would it seem appropriate and conducive to peace to carry this principle to the point where some one nation is able to inhibit action on any issue.

In summary, therefore, the following three recommendations can be made:

(1) Laws and directives concerning intercourse between nations should be established.
(2) The powers of the United Nations Organization should be clearly defined, especially with respect to problems "essentially within the domestic jurisdiction."
(3) Some representative voting procedure should be established, which would eliminate the veto power of any one nation, while retaining a greater voice for the larger nations.

It will be noticed that these recommendations are tantamount to the establishment of a constitution, whereas the present charter seems to be more in the form of a statement of intent. Development of the charter into a constitution could be carried out either through amendments or through ratification of the constitution as a whole by the nations. Since amendments are subject to the veto power of any one of the permanent members of the security council, there appears to be little advantage in attempting the establishment of a constitution through a series of amendments rather than through ratification of a whole constitution. The development of a constitution through amendments appears to be slower than is advisable in an atomic age.

It is realized that strengthening of the United Nations Organization may eventually lead to world tyranny. There also will always exist the danger of a civil war of the future, which of course would be tantamount to a world war. There appears to be no alternative, however, since continuation under the present arrangement leaves a much higher probability for a war with weapons against which all nations are defenseless. In this war atomic bombs will strike suddenly, without warning, possibly anonymously. The bombs may be planted as mines, which we have no means to detect. We cannot defend ourselves effectively by burying underground or even dispersing our cities, and sacrificing our present way of life, since future developments will be specifically designed to counteract our earlier defenses. Thus, like it or not, we must put our trust in a strong international organization.

K. A. KRAUS
M. E. KRAUS

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Strictly Personal

THEODORE DREISER: IN MEMORIAM

"The truth is on the march."
— ZOLA

THEODORE Dreiser is no more. He was the great pioneering realistic writer of America, a novelist of world significance. For more than four decades he was the object of Philistine insolence: no other American writer of our time faced such a barrage of criticism, detraction, sneers, ridicule, condescension, misrepresentation, hatred, resentment, and malice as did he. Many who could not themselves write spoke of how badly he wrote: many who never had an original idea in their lives told of his confused thinking: many who never fought a serious battle for free speech were always ready to make war on him. Withal, even the greater majority of his severest critics paid him at least grudging praise. When a man like Dreiser dies, we can evaluate his life work by a simple test. Did his work do more towards liberating the mind of man, or did it help to forge new chains with which to enslave the human spirit?

Dreiser—despite political unclarities which led him to defend Stalin's regime—served as one of the most powerful liberating forces in twentieth-century American literature and social thinking. Alongside of this, all else in his career is secondary. He more than did his duty. From the day he wrote "Sister Carrie" until the day he died, he was a powerful and a dynamic literary influence in America. He always sought the truth. With stubborn persistence, he would not compromise, would not be false to himself. He did not debase his sincerity. He did not fear to make honest mistakes. Not only did he plough new paths for writers, but, also, he set an example by his life and his work which encourages other and younger writers to be more serious, more sincere, more truthful. By setting such an example, and by showing such manly independence in the face of opposition, he not only inspired others to write—he also inspired them to fight. Theodore Dreiser has helped to create a tradition for fighting, for militant writers. The day will yet come in this nation when the full weight of this influence will be known. For we live in a period when the writer who is devoid of will and militancy stands almost doomed to decay, to disintegrate, to drown in the ocean of oblivion. *Dreiser had will.* Without hesitation, I predict that his influence will be manifest for years and years to come. Those who think otherwise deceive only themselves, and perhaps the gullible sections of the reading public. More than one generation of genteel critics, anemic professors, timid esthetes, editorial nondescripts, and sundry unclassifiables tried their best to destroy that influence. But he died a figure of world literary import.

Dorothy Dudley, in her confused, uneven, and floundering biography, "Forgotten Frontiers," was, withal, on the track of real clues concerning the significance of Dreiser. She presented him as the American writer, the writer of the American soil. He was an American writer who can be more specifically defined, more specifically located in American history, in American social evolution. She offers material which helps us to find this location. She, for instance, pointed out how his style was so intimately related to his background. His choice of words which had, heretofore, been considered as non-literary, his use of harsh words, cliches, sentimentalities, all this reflects the social and cultural circumstances of his time. She offered many comments of this kind which are correct in themselves, but which must be evaluated differently and more broadly.

DREISER was born in Indiana in 1871. He died with 1945. His lifespan coincides with the period of most tremendous change in the history of modern man. His own work reflects much of that change. During his lifetime, America rose to an unprecedented position of hegemony in the world arena. Dreiser realistically depicted the story of American ideals in a period of growth; he told the tale of grandeur and misery, of success and failure, in dynamically evolving American capitalism. He gave to the consciousness of the world the significance of stories such as those of Carrie Meeber, Hurstwood, Jennie Gerhardt, Eugene Witla, Frank and Aileen Cowperwood, Clyde Griffiths and his parents: his next novel, "The Bulwark," when published this year, will add still one more of these characters. And with this, it can also be remarked that the two full-length unpublished novels he left behind will demonstrate that he remained a great writer to the very end, and that, also, he remained true to the literary ideals of his long career.

— Sketch by Arthur D'Amato

He has told us the story of his own early life in autobiographical works that are remarkable for their self-honesty. "Dawn" and "A Book About Myself" are among his most important writings, and because of their sincerity they are almost unparalleled in American autobiography. These works reveal how Dreiser is the type of the great writer of plebeian origins in our time. He came from the wrong side of the tracks. His family was poor, looked down on socially. He first observed the struggle between instinct and social convention in his childhood home, and, later, he was to make this a central motif in his writings. The Dreisers moved from house to house, from place to place, from city to city, always vainly trying to catch on, to become more respectable, to have a better home, to be more successful. In his novels, this same type of migration is described. The movements of his characters, from locale to locale, and, with this, the social movement of his characters from class to class, is but a grandiose extension of the pattern of life of his own family, and of Dreiser, himself. In America, during his life time, the struggle for place, for fame, for success was fierce and pitiless: equally pitiless is the force of social circumstances. All this, the full force of these pitiless tendencies, was felt in his childhood home. And a psychological consequence of so savagely competitive a society is that profound inner restlessness, that profound spiritual chaos which is still so characteristic of American life. And

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all this Dreiser lived, and described. When we say that Dreiser was groping, bewildered, confused, questing, we are really saying that Dreiser, himself, fought his way through the despairs, the blackness, the restlessness, and inner chaos in American society. Members of his own family were as eager for life, and, at the same time, as innocent as were the girls Carrie and Jennie when we first meet them. Dreiser, himself, felt many of the things that Witla felt. As a lad in small towns in Indiana and in Chicago, Dreiser was cast from job to job, hopelessly and willingly, just as was Clyde. And Dreiser, also, dreamed the American dream of success and power which is so magnificently told in the novels about Frank Cowperwood. The connection between his own life and his fiction is intimate. In one way or another, he felt and saw everything that he described. His novels may be called autobiographies of the American dream. He lived the moods, the feelings, the hopes, the despairs, the yearnings of his time with a brooding intensity: through the mind and heart of Theodore Dreiser the life of America ran like an endless river. The man and his work melt into the story of America during a most dynamic period of the nation's history. The value of Miss Dudley's biography is that she grasps some of these points empirically. However, we must try to evaluate them.

CULTURALLY, the last two decades of the nineteenth century were of most profound importance in American society. We owe what cultural depth we possess—and this is still shallow—to the ferment of these years, especially to the ferment in the Middlewest. At the turn of the century, Chicago was truly the intellectual capital of America: the novelists who came after the turn of the century were, in the main, related to Chicago in one way or another, and H. L. Mencken (whose championing of Dreiser was an honorable and disinterested service we should not forget) described Chicago as the literary capital of the United States. Basically, this ferment was the revelation of the progressive cultural consequences of the Northern victory in the Civil War. After the war, the centers of gravity of culture shifted from New England and the South. At the end of the nineteenth century, the Middlewest was ready to make its cultural voice heard in America.

In order to suggest this cultural ferment, let me merely introduce a partial catalogue of what was happening. In these years, the power of theology over philosophy was drastically weakened. The influence of Hegel was felt in America, first among the St. Louis Hegelians, later in the early thought of Dewey and Mead. The Chicago School of Philosophy came into being. James and Pierce also contributed to pragmatism. Pierce made contributions of lasting importance to logic. The Michelson-Morley experiments, helping to predicate the Einsteinian universe, were carried out. Interest in science increased, not only in colleges, but among many middle-class Americans. This was reflected in the number of inventors all over the land, of men who were trying practically to apply science. Thomas Edison dates from this decade, and his later social views must not be used to mask the importance of his contributions: these were great. The land was full of village atheists who affirmed science, rationalism, the dignity of the individual as a man on this earth, rather than as a son of God. The leader of village atheism was Ingersoll. Chautauqua flourished. Lecturers crossed the length and breadth of the land. Mostly, they were not profound: they were, also, not all Emersons. But they carried culture, broader perspectives, a more liberal attitude on religion, a feeling of curiosity about life to hundreds of thousands: in fact, popular lecturers helped to educate Dreiser, himself. Johns Hopkins was founded, and the founding lecture was delivered by Thomas Henry Huxley, documenting the triumph of Huxley's ideas on education as against those of Newman and Arnold. The impact of Darwinism was felt in every intellectual nerve center in America. As Richard Hofstadter has outlined in his recent book, "Social Darwinism in American Thought," Darwinism, developed by Huxley, Spencer, and others, was felt in all social and economic thinking of the time. To be sure, it was used as a means of defending capitalism, but capitalism was young, mighty, proud; it was like the giant Chicago of which Carl Sandburg was to write a little later. Concern about education grew in seriousness. Dewey emerged as a significant new pedagogical thinker, and there was a receptivity to his ideas. This was the period of growth of interest in laboratory psychology, nourished by men such as James, Hall, and others. Sumner wrote "Folkways." Thorstein Veblen began to emerge as a new social thinker. The seeds of growth of sociology were planted. With this, social work was beginning to be considered as a practical field for the application of knowledge in the alleviation of misery: thus, Jane Addams founded Hull House. In general, there was a most widespread cultural ferment. Americans in many fields were looking at the material of life around them with new eyes.

AND more significant, it was, economically, a period of growth and accumulation, of intense competition and rivalry. New cities were springing up. New buildings. New industries. New universities. Newness, forever the new. Men looked to the future with bright eyes. Millionaires were made overnight. The race was to the swift, the lucky. The stakes were high. The game was fevered and brutal. And for youth, there were examples of success, of fame, of power to be seen on every side. While there was cultural ferment, the major interests of America were practical. Life, experience, what was going on around one, this was the major field of experience.

And Theodore Dreiser was a boy, son of a pious and frustrated immigrant from Germany. He was shy, awkward, callow, moody, dreaming, brooding, eager. He wanted to live: he wanted to grow: he wanted to learn. He looked at everything. He was always looking. In his major writing, we can notice that he writes from the standpoint of a spectator. He became a spectator early in life. In the fields and small towns of Indiana, in the ugly, semi-primitive, violently alive streets of Chicago, this boy looked, looked and dreamed. He felt a need to grow; to learn; to be somebody; to rise in the world; to make a name for himself. He was a sensitive child of this period. But above all else, he wanted to understand. He learned, and it will still take time before many really come to know how much he learned. But he learned from life. In "Jennie

(*Continued on page 27*)

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The Saturday Review
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READING BETWEEN THE LINES

THE newspapers recently, on a single day, told of several instances all over the world where people were waiting in line, though they waited for widely different reasons.

In Austria, they waited in line to cast ballots in their first secret election in thirteen years. In France, they waited in line for coal ration certificates, even though there was only enough coal to carry them through a few days. And on the same day in Germany, the people were still waiting in line near Dachau and Buchenwald and a dozen other places to identify the effects of the tortured dead. In Poland, there were no effects by which to identify the tortured dead, but the people were waiting anyway; they were waiting near the gas chambers of Lublin and Maidenek for whatever miserable clues they might be able to dredge up about the missing. Jews were waiting everywhere. Not many were left in Europe —some 6,000,000 had been hunted down, cornered, and killed—but the few that were left were waiting for some place to go.

But the biggest line of all in Europe was only beginning to be formed; not until the end of the winter, with its cold and starvation and disease, would the procession of 20,000,000 dead be fully formed.

There are lines in America, too. On the same day that the press dispatches told of the lines in Europe, they also reported that 17,000,000 Americans waited in lines during 1945 to place their bets on horse races. The total amount wagered was $1,306,514,314, breaking by far all records in racing history. This figure, however, fails to do the American people full credit, since they had 221 fewer days in 1945 in which to bet than they did in 1944. The tracks happened to be closed during most of 1945, otherwise the betting would have totaled more than $3,000,000,000, as compared to only $1,100,000,000 in 1944. But the line in front of the $2 betting window was the smallest of all. The big lines were in front of the $10 and $50 windows. The average individual betting ran to $75 per person per racing day.

There are other lines in America. In Chicago recently we observed a long line of cold, eager citizens waiting to get into a place specializing in choice chocolates. In Buffalo, we observed an even longer line of near-desperate people waiting outside a shop for a chance to lay their hands on assorted bottled goods before closing time. And in New York, on fashionable Fifth Avenue, we saw (and see every day) hundreds of chilled, wretched men and women waiting their turn on a policed line outside a hosiery store selling nylon stockings.

The sidewalk in front of this particular hosiery store became crowded one day recently when another line formed for an altogether separate purpose. It seems that the Dutch Consulate in New York is also located in Rockefeller Center; and American citizens of Javanese descent who fought in the war were lining up to protest the destruction by air bombing and fire of Javanese villages, and to appeal to Americans, who were once under foreign domination themselves, for support in the fight for national independence. It was an interesting contrast, these two lines, although there was no doubt that in terms of tangible results the nylon line was the more successful of the two.

It would be unfair, however, to give the impression that all of life's basic necessities in America are obtainable only by waiting in line. Many items are readily available and are so proclaimed in large-size, attractive advertisements. Included among these items are: women's scarfs ($975 plus $195 tax); gorgeous jeweled-depth paperweights ($400, plus $80 tax); flexible bracelets with handsome clasp ($4400 plus $880 tax); dainty earrings like sunbursts ($5500 plus $1000 tax); darling natural Russian sable wraps, custom-made ($50,000 plus $10,000 tax), and stylish mink coats for dogs ($246 plus $49.20 tax).

* * *

Distorted, exaggerated, overdrawn? Perhaps; but even granted that the facts have been hand-picked for purposes of juxtaposition, the contrast in what is happening on both sides of the Atlantic today remains as tragic as it is grotesque. It is not only that America has come out of a war with her cities intact and flourishing, while much of Europe and Asia is sprawled out in charcoal and debris; nor only that the war has given America a throbbing and swollen prosperity, while our allies are struggling to get back on their feet. The bitterness and danger of the disparity go far beyond that to the attitude of Americans themselves.

Do we, as a people, honestly give a damn? If so, then how are we to explain the fumbling and blundering in authorizing adequate expenditure for food and clothing for Europe? How are we to explain the absurd terms of the loan to the British people? How are we to explain our failure to take the initiative in organizing the peace, with specific and adequate proposals looking to the establishment of law among nations?

So far as the others are concerned, we are the rich folks in the big house on the hill. And as the wealthy, powerful, and conscienceless occupants of that big house, we are rapidly becoming the most feared and hated

Boy Killed in Action

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

NOT eased into eternity
By weakness stayed with prayer.
But thrust full-vigored, dizzily,
Into a vaster There—
A severed spirit stands alone,
Lost from familiar flesh and bone.

Bewildered (lacking even tears
To weep his solitude),
With no resource from his few years
Intent on fun and food—
His body leaves him, at his danger,
Stark-lonely with his soul—a stranger.

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— Press Association

A woman in Vienna being assisted to the polls where crowds "waited in line to cast ballots in their first secret election in thirteen years."

nation in the world. This is said in no spirit of over-sensitive self-abnegation or self-vilification, but purely as a calm statement of cold fact. The evidence is to be found every day in world public opinion. In China, a prominent best-seller is a book called "Uncle Sham," and the Chinese are wondering whether Americans are going to insist on extra-territoriality rights at the expense of Chinese independence; in Indonesia, millions are asking what happened to the guarantees in the Atlantic Charter of self-determination for all peoples; in Russia, the press each day mirrors our own fear and distrust and suspicion; in France, in Poland, in Greece, in Czechoslovakia — in a dozen other places as well—there are bewilderment and frenzy over the trickle of food and clothing that is coming in as compared to the need; in England, the *Manchester Guardian* summed up the state of British public opinion—on the issue of the loan, at least—when it said editorially:

> The war has left us stripped of reserves, burdened with debts, and ill-prepared to take up the struggle for markets and supplies without a respite. That we have got into this position through our contribution to the common war effort is true, but you cannot eat a moral claim. Once it was clear that the United States, which has come out of the war stronger and richer than ever before, refused to take over a share of our financial war costs or to return the dollars we had paid to Americans in the first eighteen months of the war, we had to ask for a loan. . . .
>
> In the general acceptance of multilateral trade, we put all our cards on the table while America does not. . . . The truth is that we must accept. We have no choice.

Thus America and the world on the first New Year of peace in six years.

No one is suggesting that the only course of action is to starve ourselves or empty all our pockets into an international pool or prostrate ourselves out of sympathy for Europe. The disparity exists and some resentment, whatever we do, is to be expected. But if we want to keep that resentment from being universalized, if we want to keep it from widening into and unbridgable rift, we need not flounder for something to do. For one thing, we can develop a sense of mutuality in the world community. For another, we can eliminate or at least reduce our present paralysis from the neck up.

N. C.

THEN AND NOW

THE old year went out without that masterpiece of literature for which the optimistic always hope and which the incautious so frequently herald. The last twelvemonth, indeed, has been a disappointing one so far as letters have been concerned, for not only has no volume of signal distinction made its appearance but there has been discernible no trend toward a writing fructified by the catastrophic experiences of mankind. There has been much that is competent, much that is interesting, considerable that is important, but little that does not follow a pattern long since established. Perhaps it is too soon to expect articulate reaction to war and peace; it may be that violence must be recollected in tranquillity to yield significant literature. And it is true that the circumstances which after World War I swept America into a vigorous, if tortured, era of writing are no longer present.

The literary America of the period after the first war was to a certain extent continuing, not creating, a phase in letters. It was writing partly under the delayed impact of French naturalism, partly out of its first opportunity to view itself in the perspective of absence and distance. It was developing a poetry which had been under way before the conflict began and was held in abeyance by it, and it was powerfully influenced by the Freudian psychology which had been revealed to the general public while the battle was on. The new science was opening up vast new worlds of achievement with the radio, the movie, the airplane. Men's minds were at once excited by the widening of horizons, and disillusioned by the sudden realization that under the surface serenity of American living were drabness and narrowness and cankers that needed eradicating. There was a passion of disappointment, a determination to strip the nation of its illusions which lent power and vigor to literature. America came out of its swaddling clothes, and cast off the inherited habiliments of English literature.

The job was done thoroughly, with the result that today we are still in the wake of that movement. There is no second outburst of the sort to be expected, no such quickening of the literary pulse and fever of the literary conscience. But it will be interesting to see whether perhaps in the aftermath of World War II may not appear some book which in time will become a classic instead of being merely social history.

A. L.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

An Open Letter

The following communication is self-explanatory:

Mr. Arthur J. Santry, President,
Bar Association, City of Boston,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Santry:

A Boston bookseller has been good enough to send me a copy of a letter, signed by yourself and other leaders of the Boston bar, which appeared in the *Boston Herald*, and in which you take to task some fifty American authors who signed an advertisement protesting the decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court in the "Strange Fruit" case, and calling to the attention of the people of Massachusetts the deplorable attitude toward works of literature that has made the name of that state a by-word for obscurantism and prudery.

I write this reply not only as one of the signatories of the advertisement but as one who for more than twenty-five years has been combatting the attempts of judicial and administrative officers to suppress works of literary merit by means of narrow and arbitrary interpretations of the laws against obscenity. As a governing member of the Authors' League of America (of which I am, at the moment, president), as a director of the American Civil Liberties Union, and as chairman of its affiliate, the National Council on Freedom from Censorship, I have taken an unremitting part in the fight for greater freedom of literary expression.

That this fight has been, in the main, successful speaks well for the common-sense and liberalism of American juries and the American judiciary. More and more, juries and judges have taken the pragmatic and enlightened view that, in a democracy, freedom of expression counts for more than antiquated standards of propriety, and that normal and intelligent men and women may be trusted to decide for themselves what may fitly be seen or read.

You quote the language of the "century-old Massachusetts statute" which makes it a crime to sell any book which is "obscene, indecent or impure or manifestly tends to corrupt the morals of youth." And throughout your letter you proceed upon the assumption that not only are these epithets susceptible of such precise definition that a judge can apply them automatically and unerringly to any book he reads, but that his oath of office precludes the possibility of any use of discretion or realistic interpretation.

Surely, this is not a tenable position. If you were talking about burglary, let us say, that would be another matter. That crime is generally defined, in penal codes, as breaking into a dwelling at night with intent to commit a felony therein. The terms "breaking into," "dwelling," "night," and "felony" are concrete and objective. Among sensible people there could be little disagreement as to their meaning, and they provide precise and specific tests which can be applied readily to observed behavior.

But when you come to "obscenity," "indecency," "impurity," and the like, you enter the realm of subjectivity; you deal with terms that can be defined only by their own synonyms; with concepts that vary not only with time, place and circumstance, but with the mental conditioning of the person who applies them. (Even in the court that condemned "Strange Fruit," there was a strong dissenting voice.)

I cannot believe that you would contend that the legislators of 1845 had the wisdom to set up moral criteria that are valid today. Would you consider it feasible to attempt to apply to the Boston of today the standards of dress, speech, and public behavior that prevailed a century ago? If all the sumptuary legislation that is embedded in our statute-books were literally enforced, it is no exaggeration to say that none of us could pursue his common daily life and that all of us would probably be in jail.

Luckily, common-sense and the collective will of the people prevail over the strict letter of the law. Law, if it has any meaning, is nothing more than an expression of the prevailing *mores*, of the generally-accepted standards of morals and good behavior. As the *mores* change, outmoded laws become obsolescent or are interpreted in accordance with the changing standards. A study of the decisions of the United States Supreme Court dealing with the provisions of the Bill of Rights over the past century and a half will clearly prove this point.

You charge with ignorance of the law and contempt of legal processes the authors who signed the advertisement. Are the courts so sacrosanct that citizens may not voice their disapproval of a decision that strikes them as illiberal and against the spirit of the times? Is it not permissible, in a democracy, to appeal to the people of one of our states to assert their right to read what they choose, without judicial censorship? Is it not conceivable that authors who, in search of material, often breathe the harsh air of the market-place, are more cognizant of public tastes and public standards than are the scholars who are inured to the rather rarefied atmosphere of law libraries?

To be more concrete, the fact is that "Strange Fruit" has been widely acclaimed throughout the nation as a work not only of unusual literary excellence, but as one that deals earnestly and searchingly with what is perhaps the most serious of America's social problems. As far as I know, it has not been judicially banned in any state except Massachusetts, yet every State has laws against obscenity. It is, indeed, hard to believe that in the parade of the states, only Massachusetts is in step; that only there do judges respect the law and faithfully adhere to their oath of office. It would be easier to believe that there exist in Massachusetts certain minority pressure groups whose political influence is a potent force in the public affairs of the state.

This case is merely another illustration of the bigotry and squeamishness for which Massachusetts, and more particularly Boston, have become notorious among intelligent people throughout the country. Boston, the vaunted center of letters and enlightenment, in its censorship of books, plays, and periodicals has the worst record of any city in the United States. Booksellers are badgered into banning works of literary excellence. Producers of plays are hounded by semi-literate police officials, who, upon threat of closing the theatre, arbitrarily demand deletion of whatever offends their narrow minds. A few years ago a play called "Strange Interlude"—(can it be that there is something in the word "strange" that frightens Bostonians?)—was banned entirely from Boston, though it was written by Eugene O'Neill, America's foremost dramatist, though it was praised everywhere by critics and public, though it won the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of the year. Subsequently it was performed in a suburb and the people of Boston flocked to see it, without, I daresay, serious impairment of their morals.

You may contend that all this is irrelevant to the "Strange Fruit" decision, which is the subject of your communication. But I think not. It is all of a piece, all part of a state of mind in high places that seems peculiar to Massachusetts, and that denies to its people the same freedom to read, to see, and to know that exists in the rest of the nation. I submit that it is not improper for a group of authors to call the attention of the public to this condition of affairs.

ELMER RICE

Stamford, Conn.

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A modern Machiavelli tells the inside story of the warmakers at work and play

CAESAR BORGIA had Machiavelli; *Mussolini had Count Galeazzo Ciano!* This man of culture and charm, of noble birth and education believed, like his *Duce*, that might made right—and used his talents accordingly. As Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs he raised immorality in international relations to a fine art!

The day-by-day record of a man who schemed for power—for himself, for Mussolini, and for Italy

THE CIANO DIARIES reveals the secrets Ciano and Mussolini shared between themselves—and many that Ciano shared with no one. It is sensational, but in an unexpected way. Though it takes you behind the scenes of the machinations of the Fascist and Nazi inner circle—so that you know at last how and when important events were shaped—still more does it lay bare the motives and the utter cynicism of the ruthless, venal men who plunged the world into war.

Unguarded moments in the warmakers' inner circle

Here, just as Count Ciano saw and heard them, are the fateful moments of decision, such as the Salzburg conversations when Ribbentrop said, *"We want war!"* . . . There are the stunning, unexpected crises like the Japanese announcement of their attack on the United States *four days before Pearl Harbor,* and our own landing in North Africa . . . There are the hours of gloating triumph as the three aggressor nations swept from victory to victory in Europe, Africa, and the Pacific.

But Ciano also witnessed and caustically recorded his fellow conspirators at ease among themselves . . . A funny scene during one of Hitler's after-lunch speeches when General Jodl went to sleep . . . The scandalous time when Donna Rachele threatened to shoot up the Palace . . . The comical despair of Mussolini as the Italian navy, ship by ship, sailed to the bottom of the Mediterranean . . . the reluctant tributes to Churchill's and Roosevelt's speeches, and American war production . . . The backbiting, the flattery, the vanity, treachery, and intrigue. Ciano wrote it all in a fine Italian hand, witty and candid, with much unconscious humor.

Ciano said "No!" to the Nazis

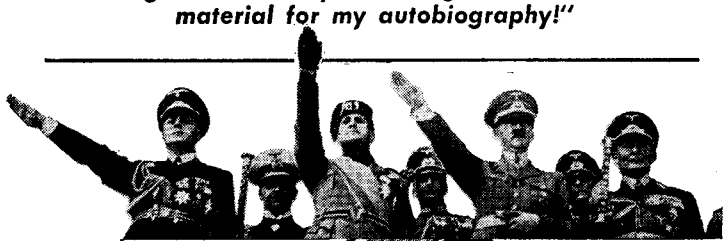
Through his whole amazing, intimate narrative runs a wistful thread of patriotism, perverted and vicious, but courageous. In all the turn-about shifts of Fascist policy, Ciano was steadfastly pro-Italian, a man who dared say "No!" to the Germans. His other loyalties were Mussolini and himself—and they are tragic.

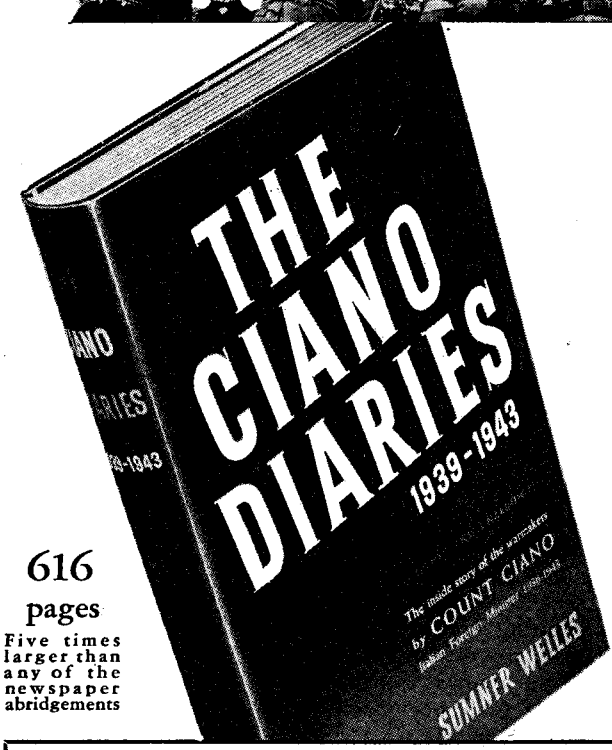
Evidence to convict the war criminals

As you read THE CIANO DIARIES,* you enter a world you knew existed but never knew how. This book fills the gaps in your background knowledge of the war started to exterminate your way of life. It plumbs the depths of degradation to which a proud and cultured nation stooped in a mistaken bid for glory. And it shows you the minds and hearts of men who carry their lust for power to the ultimate crime of war . . . so that you can know them always.

*Introduced as evidence in the Nurnberg trials.

The complete and unabridged CIANO DIARIES were written, not for publication, but as raw material for the memoirs Count Ciano wanted to write. "If the Lord had granted me a quiet old age, what excellent material for my autobiography!"





616 pages
Five times larger than any of the newspaper abridgements

SUMNER WELLES says:

"To some who have read mutilated passages previously syndicated, the Diary has proved a disappointment because of its lack of those sensational revelations which they had apparently anticipated. But those who will read the Diary in its complete text will . . . find a hitherto unrevealed picture of Germany's machinations during those fateful years."

Edited by HUGH GIBSON, *with an introduction by* SUMNER WELLES. *At your bookseller's. $4.*

DOUBLEDAY

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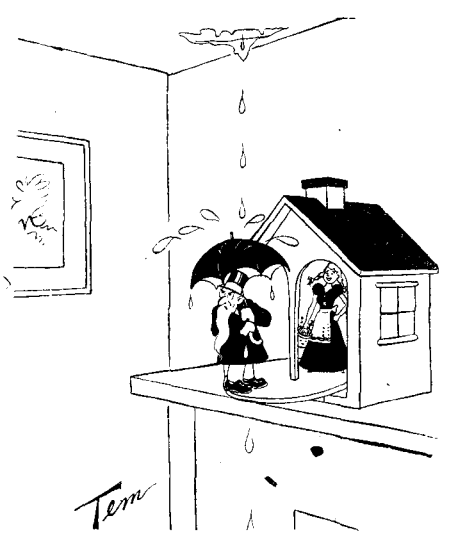
TRADE Winds

GULLIBLE AUTHORS HAVE been falling like duckpins for an ancient con game with a new angle operated by a wily gent in old Amsterdam. "As you know," the pitch begins, "we in Holland have been under years of Nazi oppression and terror, and cut off from all the good things in life—the kind of books you write, for instance. While the Dutch monetary system is being reorganized, we cannot send any money abroad. This means no books—unless you will be kind enough to send us some. I had put your books at the very top of our list to buy. If you will donate them to me—along with anything else a cultured lover of democracy would treasure—you will end my dread period of mental starvation." This old Dutch cleanser was going great guns until he made the mistake of writing identical pleas to three authors who consulted Ray Bond, of Dodd Mead, on what to do next. It then developed that the letters evidently had been mailed on a wholesale scale. The writer of them probably has a more representative stock already than Brentano's in Paris.

If you want to send American books to people in Europe—a praiseworthy and valuable contribution to world fellowship—there are official agencies which will do the job for you properly. Beware the plausible stranger who has culled your name from "Who's Who" or a booktrade directory. . . .

TRADE WINDS READERS having evinced a consistent and flattering interest in the esoteric and loftily pitched correspondence between Gertrude Stein and myself, who have the pleasure of publishing her books, I hasten to acquaint you with our latest exchange. Miss Stein knows we are going to publish her G.I. novel this spring, under the title of "Brewsie and Willie," but she also has been urging us to put back into print her "Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" and sundry other of her earlier writings. We long have been planning to publish a carefully selected one-volume omnibus of Steiniana, but hoped to surprise her with a finished book. Miss Stein, however, waxed impatient, and sent me a letter that will require assistance neither from disciple Thornton Wilder nor disciple Carl Van Vechten to clarify. The beginning is almost Chaucerian. It says, "My dear Bennett, what the hell is the matter with you?" It goes on to point out that America is entitled to have books like "Portraits and Prayers" and "Tender Buttons" available on demand and concludes, "I am not just a best seller; I am a classic. I love you very much, but hell, I love my books more. Don't you forget to understand that, and answer this pronto." Figuring that Miss Stein is now completely versed in Army phraseology, I cabled back, "Roger. Keep your pants on." The omnibus goes on press next month, and Miss Stein can concentrate once more on giving interviews to *Time* and *Life*. . . .

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH Club's choice of "Brideshead Revisited" means that Evelyn Waugh is at last going to get the recognition in America that is his due, but I think it rather unfortunate that so many people will read him first in a book that is not his best. It begins in the most brilliant and typical Waugh vein, but peters out in an ending that strikes me as unconvincing and disappointing. I hope it will at least persuade some thousands of readers to scurry after his earlier books: "Decline and Fall," "Vile Bodies," "Black Mischief," and "A Handful of Dust," all fortunately back in print, and masterpieces of their kind. . . . Erich Remarque's "Arch of Triumph" is destined for the same enormous popularity as his earlier "All Quiet on the Western Front," first published here a full seventeen years ago. "Arch of Triumph" is laid in Paris in 1938, and Remarque has succeeded with uncanny skill in impressing the reader with the sense of inevitable doom that hung over the French capital in those fateful days. The hero Ravic is a refugee German surgeon of great fame and skill, compelled to operate illegally in Paris because his papers are not in order. His romance is interminable and cries for ruthless blue-pencilling, but his other adventures and associations are unbelievably exciting. . . . Remarque quotes this "old story" in his book:



> Once upon a time there was a wave who loved a rock in the sea, let us say in the Bay of Capri. The wave foamed and swirled around the rock, she kissed him day and night, she embraced him with her white arms, she sighed and wept and besought him to come to her. She loved him and stormed about him and in that way slowly wore him down, and one day he yielded, completely undermined, and sank into her arms. Suddenly he was no longer a rock to be played with, to be loved, to be dreamed of. He was only a block of stone at the bottom of the sea. Disillusioned and angry, the wave swirled off to look for another rock. . . .

I NEVER WOULD have believed that a herbivorous mammal could write letters, but here's one that came into Trade Winds signed simply "The Manatee";

> Dear Mr. Cerf:
>
> The quiet type, I am appalled by what Miss Nancy Bruff, Mr. Russell Birdwell, and an ilk which now includes you are doing to my private life.
>
> I'm a grayish little person, monogamous and endearingly speechless. My "outré" appearance derives only from the fact that I am rugose, mottled, earless, and have a cleft upper labium. As a figurehead for a ship, a bookjacket, or publicity campaign I'm a pretty sad sack, to tell the truth.
>
> The whales, or cetecea branch of our family, have always been the notoriety seekers. There was "Moby Dick" and the regrettable, scarcely-to-be stomached Jonah incident.
>
> But we Sirenia do not like to be thus harpooned.
>
> Sincerely. . . .

SPEAKING OF "The Manatee" campaign, Miss Velma West Sykes laments, "My face won't launch a thousand ships. That's why I get rejection slips." . . . Mr. John Macrae, Jr., of Dutton's, who complains in a letter to the *SRL* that Random House also publishes in "Ho the Fair Wind" a Nantucket whaling yarn that retails at $2.50, evidently chooses to miss the point of my whole diatribe. I am not complaining of the literary calibre of "The Manatee," which is certainly no worse than dozens of other contemporary novels, Lord help us, nor of the price, which is standard. I am objecting to the cheap, vulgar publicity campaign,

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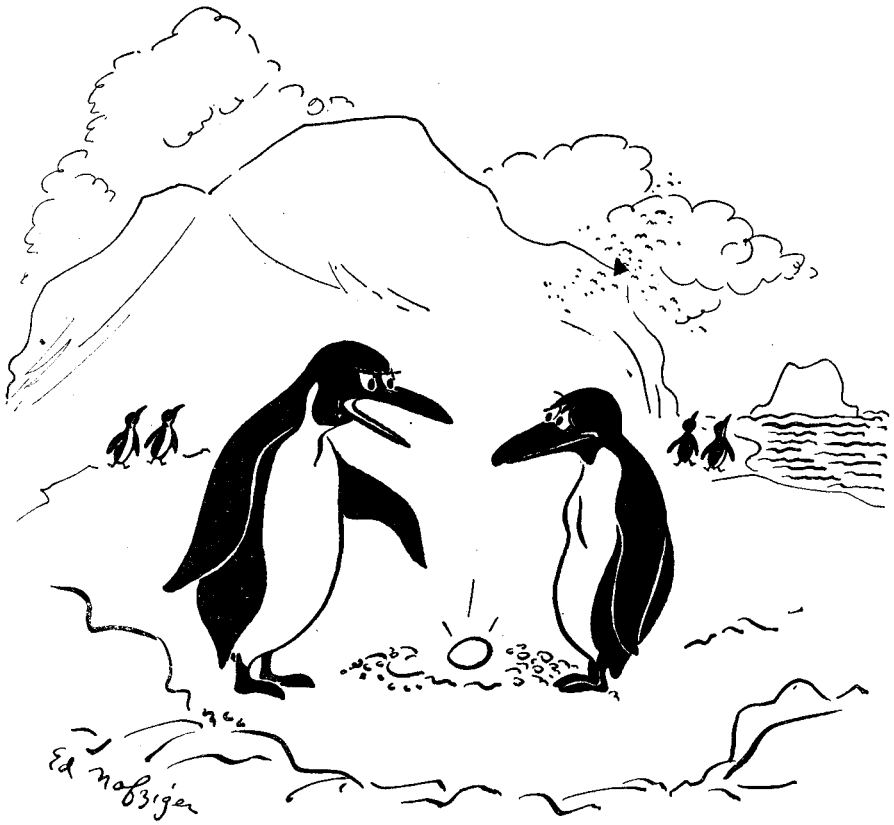

"I won't believe it till I see it in black and white!"

which embodies the worst features of a Hollywood ballyhoo, and which, if imitated by other publishers, threatens to lower still further the quality of the fiction that elbows its way into national best-seller lists. The more successful the campaign on "The Manatee" becomes, the more dangerous will be its implications. Mr. Macrae is too astute a book publisher to fail to recognize the justice of this statement. . . .

WILL CUPPY reports the receipt of a letter from a faithful fan that reads, "Please send me the name of some good book on personal hygiene. I think I've got it." . . . The Brooklyn contingent of that band of horrible pests who chase celebrities for autographs hardly can wait for Noel Coward to get to town. "We'll all make him sign copies of his picture," confided their spokesman, "and then we'll tear them up right in his face." . . .

Spurred on by the success of "One Nation," Houghton Mifflin and the editors of *Look* will collaborate in a series of nine more illustrated volumes on regional America. The first, due in five or six months, will probably cover New England. Harry Shaw and a staff of twelve men, with the full facilities of *Look* at their disposal, have been assigned to work on this project. . . . At the Coffee House, somebody questioned Sinclair Lewis's motive in choosing so cold a city as Duluth for his winter abode. Charles Breasted explained, "It's probably just one of his Sauk Centricities."

TWO WEEKS BEFORE he died, Robert Benchley told Nunnally Johnson, "The gag I've been credited with most often is that one about getting me out of a wet suit and into a dry Martini, and the funny part of it is that it really wasn't mine at all. I read it somewhere. I bet they'll quote it in my obituaries." They did! . . . I also ascribed this line to Benchley in "Try and Stop Me." It is becoming increasingly difficult to track down bright quips to their original sources. They circulate so quickly, and change so much in the telling and retelling, that by the time they have appeared in two or three columns, the true author often has difficulty in recognizing them. . . .

Some day I'd like to write a story whose hero is an oft-quoted wit. Let's say it's George S. Kaufman. Mr. K. is discovered walking innocently down 52d Street, where he suddenly comes upon two famous columnists rolling in the gutter, locked in mortal combat. "For goodness' sake," he says to one of the enchanted bystanders, "why are these two great men beating each other's brains out?" "You ought to know," answers the bystander. "They are fighting over which one of them originated a story they heard you tell at dinner last night."

BENNETT CERF

"From where I sit"

"IT IS those same dark eyes that haunt me still and will always do so till the day I die." This is not mush, nor soft sentimentality, it is the dread of a woman who as she tells her story to you, realizes in retrospect what was to come. It is also DAPHNE DU MAURIER'S method of piquing the reader's curiosity. For some people the mere atmosphere of Menabilly, its gallery, its unused and yet used bedchamber, its musty summerhouse with the iron ring under the carpet would be enough. But MISS DU MAURIER would go further, she would take you into the mind of Honor Harris to see the fineness of its turnings, the dread that lurked there two decades after the dread she endured.

When we come to the question of whose eyes we are to look through, MISS DU MAURIER choses for us the most sympathetic pair, those of Honor Harris. Had Richard told the story in his own words, or had Gartred, not only the historical fidelity of the book, but the whole appraisal would have been distorted. But Honor has that sensibility and that unassuming charm that recalls the lovely narrator of *Rebecca*. Furthermore she lived in 1653, she hated Gartred, she loved Richard, she was tender towards the lost son, and even from her wheelchair (perhaps the earliest wheelchair on literary record) she saw and felt more of the impending tragedy than most all-seeing, all-wise authors.

When Honor's aching pen ceased its labors, at the conclusion of **The King's General,** this reader definitely felt a loss. What a pity she could not have lived for even another bleak, Cornwall month! For if she had, the whole household of Menabilly might have mustered to its repair, the swan would have hissed upon the spit, and the arras in the hidden bedchamber would have swirled to the draught of another secrecy.

Yet with the ceasing of Honor's pen, the ebbing of her life, the author's typewriter also ceased. And perhaps, getting up from her typewriter, MISS DU MAURIER wandered quietly about the grounds of Menabilly, stopping to hear some electrician say, "Blimey, these walls is thick! There must be space between 'em. Wonder what the bloke what built this place musta ad in mind?"

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

ELIZA OFF THE ICE

HE WAS in love with her. He knew his mother had cut a wisdom tooth when she was eighty. He began to ask himself if he could be cutting a folly tooth at fifty-six. He had seen her first, seventeen years before, "in that interesting play —'The Second Mrs. Tanque-ray.'" His job then had been to review her.

There are more certain ways to win a woman's heart than to function in the public prints as her critic. The number of critics who have made successful love to actresses in their reviews can be counted on the fingers of Captain Hook's right hand. To be sure, there was Charles Lamb. He once tried to write a notice that would also be a *billet-doux*. His heart was set on marrying Fanny Kelly, whose face he found "irresistible." Accordingly, he tucked into his ecstatic review of her in "Rachel" a sentence which sprang from his own heart. He ascribed it to a stranger he pretended to have overheard. The sentence read, "What a lass that were to go a gypseying through the world with!" P.S. He did not get the job.

Mr. Shaw has never been one to be influenced by Lamb. When once stoked, his devotion for Mrs. Patrick Campbell released itself in warmer phrases than Elia ever dreamed of using. Mrs. Pat had pocketed Mr. Shaw's heart when he had called upon her to discuss "Pygmalion."* After this visit, he confessed he had "dreamed and dreamed and walked on air for all that afternoon and the next day" as if his next birthday were his twentieth, instead of his fifty-sixth. "I could think of nothing but a thousand scenes of which she was the heroine and I the hero. . . . My years fell from me like a garment. I was in love for nearly 35 hours; and for that be all her sins forgiven her!"

When, at the end of 1912 and the beginning of the next year, this Casanova of the ink-stand was bombarding Mrs. Pat with letters, much as in the past he had deluged Ellen Terry, Mr. Shaw, the erstwhile critic, faced one uncomfortable day. It came on January the third, 1913, to be precise. It came when, screwing up his courage, he had forced himself to reread in "Dramatic Opinions" the "odious things" Mrs. Campbell accused him of having said about her some fifteen years earlier.

According to Mr. Shaw, his only sin as a critic had been that he had rolled Pinero in the dust beneath Mrs. Campbell's feet (the feet he had kissed with his pen), and told Henry Arthur Jones, his old friend, publicly he was fortunate to be insulted by her. Shaw insisted he had gone further. As he put it, he had burnt up Shakespeare so that his sparks might whirl about Mrs. Pat in a halo of glory.

"Never did a man," wrote he, "paint his infatuation across the heavens, as I have painted mine for you, rapturcusly and shamelessly. . . . I challenge you passionately to produce one word that has ever been written of you by anybody that is more abandoned in its confession, that shouts more recklessly to all the world that the writer is your utter captive."

Regardless of how successfully he managed to combine bromo and seltzer in the persons of Eros and Aristotle, one thing is certain. Mr. Shaw wrote "Pygmalion" with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in mind. "It is almost as wonderful a fit as Brassbound," he told Ellen Terry when the text was completed, "for I am a good ladies' tailor, whatever my shortcomings may be."

Tailormade as Eliza Doolittle may have been for Mrs. Pat, the part has proved as adjustable to other actresses as if it were a Mother Hubbard. This is a proof of the character's independent vitality and of Mr. Shaw's skill. Lynn Fontanne played Eliza Doolittle brilliantly in the Theatre Guild's spirited revival of nineteen years ago; played her with that shining mastery of comedy which is hers; acting Eliza so that her advance from flower girl to lady was as humorously indicated in the changes in her posture as in the improvements in her speech brought about by her lessons in diction. Then, only a few seasons back, Wendy Hiller was giving a fine, if quite different, performance of Eliza on the screen opposite the irresistible Henry Higgins of the late Leslie Howard. Now Eliza has fallen, like the acting plum she is, into the lap of Gertrude Lawrence. And Miss Lawrence manages to squeeze the part, without bruising it, for the rich juices that are in it.

— *Vandamm Studio*

Gertrude Lawrence "manages to squeeze the [Eliza's] part, without bruising it, for the rich juices that are in it."

It is strange to come back to a play after having seen that play when it has been admirably restated as a motion picture. A feeling of constriction is inevitable; a sense of being kept indoors; of being set-bound even when, as in the case of Theatre Incorporated's revival of "Pygmalion," the sets are as delightfully right in their detail, observation, line, and color as are Donald Oenslager's. One misses the freedom of the camera. The action, however entertaining, is bound to seem somewhat caged.

One misses, too, the transitional moments, the scenes between the acts, which the screen play was as careful to supply as Shaw was to avoid. A case in point is the scene when Eliza appears at Mrs. Higgins's day at home. In the theatre, both as written and as played, this episode is hilarious. Yet in this otherwise feeble act it stands out like an unset jewel. In the play we have to depend upon Pickering and Higgins, who as in the way of men are poor society editors, for a description of Eliza's triumph at the garden party. On the screen we saw with our own eyes, and cannot now forget, the fine sequence at the reception in which Wendy Hiller had to cross a long room with carefully studied grace.

Even so, in its old form the comedy holds its ample rewards. Chief among these is the exciting fact that, as so seldom happens nowadays, one is forced to feel in, and behind, its dia-

*PYGMALION, a play by Bernard Shaw. Presented by Theatre Incorporated. Staged by Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Settings by Donald Oenslager. Costumes by Motley. With a cast including Gertrude Lawrence, Raymond Massey, Melville Cooper, Cecil Humphreys, Katherine Emmet, and Anita Bolster. At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre.

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
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Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
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in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
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THE PLAYWRIGHTS COMPANY presents
BETTY FIELD
in ELMER RICE'S New Comedy
DREAM GIRL
Staged by THE AUTHOR
CORONET Theatre, 49th St., West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:35. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:35

logue the driving strength of a superior mind. Too many of our playwrights have no minds from which to write. Too many can turn out plays without being authors. Too many function not as dramatists but as dictaphones. They pride themselves upon producing dialogue as slovenly in its word selection and lacking in style as is the daily speech of average people.

Not so Mr. Shaw. Above such pygmies, he looms like a giant. His writing, like his thinking, is nothing if not individual, which in his case means being exceptional. He has been the foremost literary athlete of our time. He delights in his prowess, and makes us delight in it, too. No volcano still erupting on this aging planet is as active as Mr. Shaw's mind. His final kindness to his characters is that, though they may speak for themselves, they also speak for him.

A hostess long ago described Mr. Shaw as a most dangerous man. She insisted that "you invite him down to your place, because you think he will entertain your guests with his brilliant conversation; and before you know where you are, he has chosen a school for your son, made your will for you, regulated your diet, and assumed all the privileges of your family solicitor, your housekeeper, your clergyman, your doctor, your dressmaker, your hairdresser and your estate agent. When he has finished with everybody else, he incites the children to rebellion, and when he can find nothing more to do, he goes away and forgets all about you." This is precisely what Mr. Shaw has done in play after play, even when he has taken over the role of host. That he is able to do so in his comedy about "that rapscallionly flower girl" only adds to the pleasures of the play. "Pygmalion" may be second-rate Shaw, but it remains better than first-rate almost anybody else.

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RAYMOND MASSEY
Pygmalion
by BERNARD SHAW
Staged by CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BARRYMORE, West 47th Street
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Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Irene MANNING • Bill JOHNSON
John ARCHER
Dances by ANTONY TUDOR
NATIONAL W. 41 St. Eve. 8:30 Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
in association with NAT GOLDSTONE
BLOOMER GIRL
NANETTE FABRAY • DAVID BROOKS • DOOLEY WILSON • DOROTHY JARNAC
Music by HAROLD ARLEN
Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT W. 44 St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
MARTHA SCOTT • JOHN BEAL • VICKI CUMMINGS
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with J. Tetzel, A. Gessner, R. Bishop
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 St. - Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"It's a Hit!" — MOREHOUSE, The Sun
DEEP ARE THE ROOTS
FULTON Theatre, 46th St. West of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40

PAULA STONE & HUNT STROMBERG, Jr. present
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Most Famous Musical Comedy
The RED MILL
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ODETTE MYRTIL • DOROTHY STONE
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It is fascinating, when seeing the comedy, to realize how much of the directing Mr. Shaw has done in his own dialogue. His text abounds in bit after bit of specified "business." The pity is he was unable to stage the whole of the present revival himself. Sir Cedric Hardwicke's directorial touch is iron-fisted. His sense of humor is as reticent as a groundhog that has seen his own shadow. If the production at moments has a stock-company quality about it, Sir Cedric's cigarstore-Indian groupings must be blamed for this.

I doubt if any of Shaw's characters is more possessed by the Dybbuk of G.B.S. than Henry Higgins, the professor of phonetics. If Higgins seems cruel, it is because he is superhuman rather than inhuman. Raymond Massey suggests the professional preoccupation and the dehydration of emotion which is part (though not parcel) of both Higgins's character and Shaw's. But he lacks the charm Leslie Howard brought to the part; the charm needed to explain why Eliza would forgive him his rudenesses, or bring him his slippers. Incidentally, Mr. Massey's Canadian speech, with its overtones of Illinois and Abe Lincoln, is something that would have interested Professor Higgins.

Although good to start with, Miss Lawrence betters as the evening progresses. At least on the opening night, her Eliza appeared unfortunately subdued in the introductory scenes when her Cockney should be ripest. But, beguilingly costumed by Motley, she plays her visit to Mrs. Higgins to perfection. She is no less admirable in her final scene with Higgins; a scene, by the way, which would not offer, as it now seems to, too much and too late if in it Miss Lawrence received more assistance from Mr. Massey.

Eliza is a character who, in each act, must shift gears. Socially, she begins in low; is next discovered in second; and ends up in high. Her transfiguration was the reason Mr. Shaw insisted upon describing "Pygmalion" as a romance. To make this transfiguration believable, an actress must have versatility. "I could have planned the part," wrote Mr. Shaw to Mrs. Pat before the London first night, "so that nine-tenths of it would have gone mechanically, even if your genius had deserted you, leaving only one-tenth to the gods. Even as it is, I have forced half the battle on you; but winning half the battle will not avert defeat." Miss Lawrence rises to the challenge of what Mr. Shaw had left undone. By doing so, in Mrs. Campbell's manner she not only averts defeat, but scores a triumph.

Certainly few character parts are as actor-proof as Alfred Doolittle, who is lifted by a legacy from the happy elysium of the "undeserving poor" into the increased responsibilities of the downtrodden middle classes. Mr. Melville Cooper does not fail. Who could? But, funny as his Doolittle is, it is only half as funny as it might be.

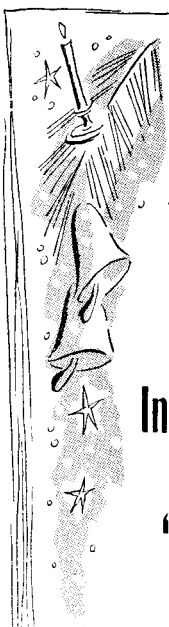
One last word. When you see "Pygmalion," hurry home and read Mr. Shaw's epilogue. He explains he felt compelled to write it because "people in all directions have assumed for no other reason than that (Eliza) became the heroine of a romance that she must have married the hero of it." Mr. Shaw wants us to know that Eliza did NOT marry Higgins or Pickering, but that she did marry Freddy, and eventually opened a florist shop. He presents his own excellent reasons in outline form for the course the story takes after the fall of the final curtain.

He even lets us see the effect that Mr. H. G. Wells had on Freddy's sister, Clara, when at last she met him. "Mr. Wells came up to her expectations," writes Mr. Shaw. "Age had not withered him, nor could custom stale his infinite variety in half an hour."

For that matter, custom and age have left "Pygmalion" equally unscathed.

JOHN MASON BROWN

SCREEN



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SECRETS CAN'T BE KEPT *E. R. Punshon* (Macmillan: $2.)	Young Britisher who knew too much vanishes. Insp. Bobby Owens traces him to expected conclusion turning up jewel robbery en route.	Methodical methods of Owens and his men carry story along surely but very slowly to end that brings blessed relief!	Pretty deadly
NO FACE TO MURDER *Edith Howie* (M. S. Mill: $2.)	Throat-cutting of janitor and girl-organist in Midwestern church give good-looking sleuth Randolph Garrison chance to prove his steel.	Detective-minded bishop adds interest to tale of small-town family-skeletons that led to brace of well-covered-up murders.	Good
THE DOUBLE TAKE *Roy Huggins* (Morrow: $2)	Private eye Bailey investigates Cal. ad-man's wife's checkered past and turns up sundry murders and copious excitement.	Characters range from cold-blooded to tropical (females), action incessant, writing colorful (especially under-world slang), and plot quite transparent.	High-grade tough-'un

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Theodore Dreiser: In Memoriam

(*Continued from page 17*)

Gerhardt," there is a passing little comment which is a clue to Dreiser and to his times. Jennie gets a job as a maid in a rich household. And her author tells us that as a maid in this house, she learned, she learned much: and she gained a theory of existence. This suggests Dreiser. When looking at factories, he learned; when he worked as an order boy in a wholesale hardware concern, he learned; when he drove a laundry wagon, he learned. When he watched his family, he learned. When he overheard neighbors quarreling in the flat above that of the Dreisers in Chicago, he learned. The boy, Theodore, learned from everything, and out of his learning, he sought a theory of existence. Later, he was to speak again and again of the mystery, the wonder, the terror, the beauty of life. His endless ponderings—these were part of his lifelong quest—were for a theory of existence. He sought it in life, life that was new, dynamic, growing, terrible, fascinating.

What literary and cultivated tradition was there for Dreiser to have taken and used in describing this world with its gigantic changes, its fresh cultural lift, its dramatic struggles? Where in the culture of the past could he have found more adequate tools than he did find? What could he have done that he did not do in order to have forged a better style with which to give shape and depth of meaning to this raw world?

Dreiser did learn—from Balzac, from Spencer. He tried, tried seriously, to assimilate the best ideas of his time. But as for the cultivated traditions of Europe, the cultivation of New England, the culture of Victorian England—how could it have given enough to such a boy, to such a youth, when face to face with this American world? Dreiser had to be a pioneer. He had to plough his own way. He had to educate himself. He had to learn from life. Much that has been described as the weakness of Dreiser—that was in reality his strength. Dreiser's task was to describe the changing face of America. He was more than adequate to his task.

And in being adequate to his task, Theodore Dreiser became the great novelist of the period of capitalist growth and expansion, the period of urbanization in American life. In his youth, the city was the most powerful of all social magnets. It attracted youth, eager youth, ambitious boys

ABNER DEAN

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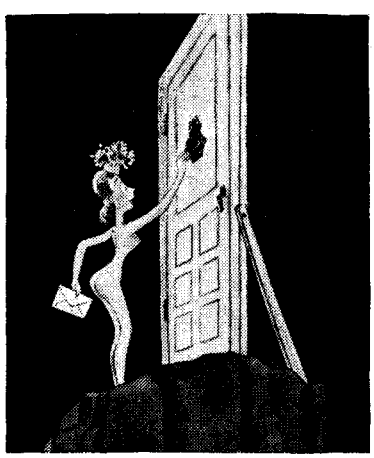

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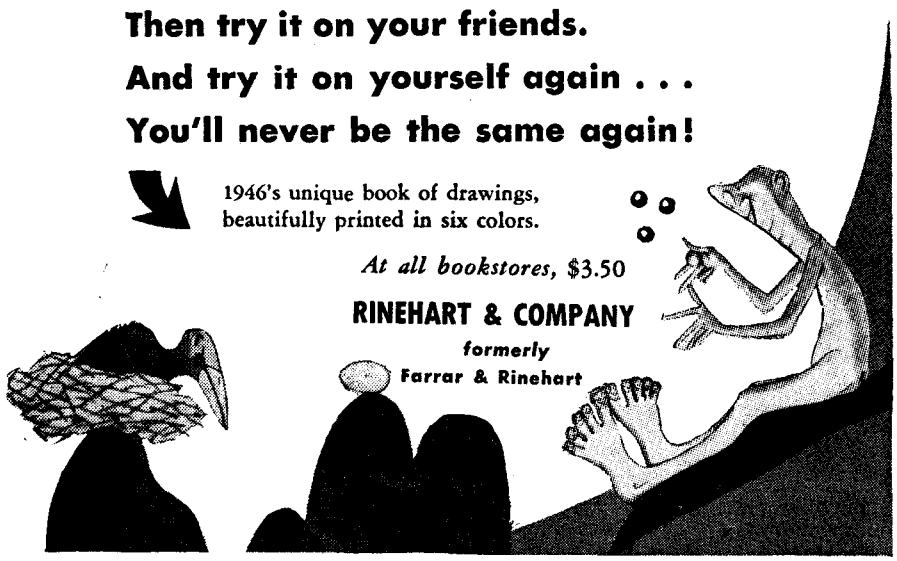

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and beautiful girls. It attracted swarms from all of Europe. Some rose in the city to great success. Many, thousands and thousands, were crushed, destroyed. And in the city the sound of the hammer was never still. Everywhere something was happening. And all this Dreiser saw, saw and remembered. And he told us about this with depths of compassion, with depths of feeling for the condition of man, and also, with wonder, with love of beauty, with anger at the sight of squalor, and above all else with objectivity.

His great books are not only works which convey to us an awesome depth of feeling for the condition of man. Also, they try to tell the truth. Filled with pity and compassion for men and women, for boys and girls involved in a tragic web of life, they are also pitiless in their delineation of the way circumstances drive man, the way impulses in man's organism, and tendencies in society, are more powerful than the will of man. And to give added humanness to such pictures, he also recounts with sad eyes, with a sorrowing pen, the terrible meaning of the biological tragedy of mankind.

Still seeking to know, to learn, to be free, Dreiser joined the Communist Party of the United States last summer. The major significance of this act is that it was the way he took to repudiate the values of bourgeois America. As such it was a militant action, and it casts a meaning on all of his past writing. It shows us that the novelist who most truly, most thoroughly, most broadly pictured the meaning of life in America in its most hopeful period of growth came, at the end of his days, to repudiate the values of that same society. In this sense, Dreiser, as an old man, moved towards the ideas of socialism. For this one honors him for his courage and his integrity. And at the same time, it is necessary to add that in Stalinism he found only a half-way house. By joining the Communist Party, he did not become really a Marxist or a Leninist. The importance of his act cannot be underestimated and must be understood and analyzed. But it did not involve any serious change in his last writings, nor did it involve a revaluation of his life and work in the sense that the methods and aims of Marxism and Leninism really would demand a revaluation. The statement he issued when joining the Communist Party is —like recent statements of Picasso— unmistakably sincere. But if evaluated, not directly in relation to Dreiser's work and his character, but more objectively in terms of political aims, political consequences, it is a confused statement combining ideas of the New Deal, ideas concerning the war, a rejection of capitalism and a deep concern because of the impasse into which modern man has now come to find himself. Dreiser was not a man who trifled in these matters. He declared that he was joining the Communist Party as the logical consequence of his life-work and his life-experience. This statement makes it unmistakable that Dreiser repudiated bourgeois America. There is here a note of warning. For this was one of the final conclusions reached by America's greatest writer. To serious Marxist anti-Stalinists this action is of tremendous importance. To them, the formal organizational connections of a man such as Dreiser will be of less importance than his living influence. And there is a positive significance in the fact that Dreiser died as a member of the Communist Party. This positive significance far outweighs the unclarity of his political views: it was not an unclarity in relationship to bourgeois thinking, but, rather, in terms of the rigorous standards of serious Marxism.

And now, Theodore Dreiser is no more. We have lost a great writer. We have lost a man who made it easier for many of us. Personally, a friend has departed. Let us pause a moment and bow our heads. Let us try as we may to assimilate a feeling of emptiness created by his leaving. And then, back to our tasks. His work encourages one to struggle. Now is the time for struggle. He went at a time when, between mankind and its real promise of a future, there stands a wall of mighty power, of tanks and guns and atom bombs, and a second wall of lies and frauds and deceits. Between us and the future that we may dream of and struggle for, there are the barricades of power and the barricades of lies. Beyond these, there lies our liberation, and the liberation of those to whom we will pass on all that we cherish in life. The man who contributed so much to make us want to struggle for this liberation, to do it to the bitter end—he has gone into the shades. Farewell, Theodore Dreiser; farewell and hail! You, creator of titans in fiction, were a bigger titan yourself. To you we remain in debt. Let us acknowledge our debt to you in a final tribute, a final *au revoir*: and then, let us march. The struggle goes on. You belong not in any pantheon of the past, but in the pantheon of the free future which it is our task to help prepare, and, perhaps, youth's to achieve. Farewell, Theodore!

JAMES T. FARRELL

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The New Recordings

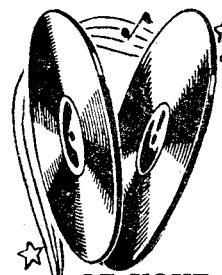
COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING			REMARKS
	Balance	*Realism*	*Surface*	
SCHUBERT, *6th Symph. in C*, London Philh., Beecham VM 1014 (4)	Level too low in spots	B	A	Another of the early Schubert symphonies, once passed by, now popular. Competent Beecham reading. Recording not brilliant, technically. Music that all should hear.
WAGNER, *Walkure Act III complete*, NY Philh., Met. Opera ensemble, Traubel, Janssen; Rodzinsky CM 581 (8)	Excellent	AA	A	Invaluable addition 1st and 2nd Acts (not available—will probably be restored). Traubel isn't Flagstad, but is first rate. Janssen good. Engineering splendid.
BEETHOVEN, *Piano Concerto No. 3, C mi.* Rubinstein, NBC Symph. Toscanini VM 1016 (4)	Piano metallic; mike too close	AA	B	Broadcast performance; coughs. Interpretation outstanding, though hard and tense. Metallic piano is probably not Rubinstein, but in the engineering.
SCHUBERT, *Songs from Die Winterreise*, Vol. II, Lotte Lehmann, Paul Ulanowsky C M 587 (3 10″)	Good, slightly uneven	B	B	Recording not up to par, and Lehmann is best in person; but still a superb album—great music, great singer. Completes Die Winterreise, with Vol. I (CM 466) and VM 692, same artists. But why is Vol. I withdrawn from catalogue?
ROSSINI, *Overtures* NBC Symph. Toscanini V V2 (4P)	Good	AA	Plastic. Superb	Super-performance, if you excuse Toscanini's insistence on Rossini. Ideal for plastic. These supplement other Toscanini-Rossini recordings.

A CONSIDERABLE battle is due in the next year or two between the new flexible plastic records and certain types of the conventional shellac record. Though plastics are certainly superior in a number of respects besides lightness and unbreakability, the shellac record is by no means out of the running. Victor has introduced the plastic vinylite record, but Columbia has so far made no move to match it, and for sound reasons.

Columbia records (and some others) are laminated; a core of cardboard-like material is coated on each side with a thin surface layer of shellac. Not only does this make a much less easily broken record (as many of us know), but the thin surface can be made of better and smoother material than in the case of the solid record. And, still important, the shellac playing surface (it is technically a plastic) is harder and probably more enduring than are any of the flexible plastics to date. As long as there are cheap phonographs with heavy pick-ups and jagged needles, and people who treat records with physical contempt, the tough, brittle shellac surface will stay with us.

Compared to plastic, the laminated shellac is obviously heavy, bulky, and inflexible. Improvements of some kind are inevitable. Already the abrasive which for years has ground bad needles into not-so-bad ones is on the way out, with a corresponding lessening of surface noise. Possibly a more flexible plastic surface will be combined with the laminated construction. But the final elimination of breakable records will depend on the phonograph itself. With a really light-weight pick-up (one ounce or less) it is almost impossible to damage a plastic record. The trend is clearly in that direction and toward an immovable and reasonably permanent needle. When this equipment becomes general, the shellac record will finally be obsolete.

THE DISCOGRAPHER



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THE DOZING AMERICAN TRADITION

(*Continued from page 4*)

realize the blueprints of a new way of life for the communities of a whole valley. There has been the dynamism of the men of power whose lust for power has made them oligarchs; and the dynamism of the insurgent democratic movements, the successive and irresistible pulsations of the democratic will, which has challenged the oligarchs and set limits to their power. One must look at American dynamism with the enveloping wholeness with which Walt Whitman saw American life. "Master," he wrote to Emerson, "master, I am a man who has perfect faith. Master, we have not come through centuries, caste, heroism, fables, to halt in this land today."

One can trace four periods in the American tradition which were the seed-beds of what is most living and viable in the American mind. The first was the period of the 1770's and 80's, when the colonists came to the conviction that the revolution which they required for their own independence was also to be their world mission, and when they went beyond revolution to federal unity. The second was the period of the 1830's and 40's, the period of frontier exuberance and radical democracy, of the full consciousness of nationality, of the energies of a dawning industrialism that were tamed and contained within the limits of an intellectual humanism by the writers of the "American Renaissance." The third was the period of the turn of the century, when capitalist industrialism reached its triumph, and rural ways of thought were merged with urban ways of life, and the sweep of populism and socialism set new sights for the social goals at which Americans were to aim if they were to use the abundant energies of the machine for the good life. The fourth is the present period, of the 1930's and 40's, when Americans were becoming aware that American destiny can be pursued only in a world framework, and that what happens to American democracy is indissolubly linked with what happens to the human spirit and the democratic will everywhere.

Under the impact of world events, new forces are in the making that have been transforming the American heritage. Under the New Deal the economy was brought under governmental controls undreamt of in the laissez-faire period, and American "individualism"—for so long the most vaunted of American attitudes—is no longer economic individualism. The moral individualism, which was always a more valuable element in the tradition than the economic, can still be salvaged, and it has a better chance of being fulfilled where the community recognizes that full employment is a national imperative than where it is left to the anarchic impulses of an uncontrolled economy. Even in a mechanized and mass age the core principle can be saved that while the social means must be collective, the end product of social effort must be the worth and dignity of every individual. Similarly the anti-statism and the distrust of governmental power have been perforce swept away in a world in which only the cohesive civilization can survive. But here again, while Big Bureaucracy is here to stay, both in government and in industry and in labor, that should not compel Americans to scrap the basic and healthy suspicion of power that is not strictly circumscribed by the rule of law, and is not channeled in the interests of the people. A people which is deeply skeptical of power even while using it will not readily become the victim of a dictatorship. A people that hates bureaucracy even while accepting its necessity will not reduce all life to the level of a bureaucratic routine.

But what has changed most in the American tradition is its new world scope and the new sense of spaciousness it is getting. From the time of Tom Paine and Jefferson, isolationism was an accepted part of the American tradition. It is not accepted any longer. America has assumed as a matter of course the role of being the world's greatest power. In Woodrow

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.
2. Pooh-Bah, in "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert.
3. Nora Helmer, in "A Doll's House," by Henrik Ibsen.
4. "Baron Munchausen," by Rudolph Raspe.
5. Scarlett O'Hara Hamilton, in "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell.
6. Melisande, in "Pelleas and Melisande," by Maurice Maeterlinck.
7. Colonel Jouve, in "The Siege of Berlin," by Alphonse Daudet.
8. Joseph Jorkens, in "The Travel Tales of Joseph Jorkens," by Lord Dunsany.
9. Vera Sappleton, in "The Open Window," by Saki.
10. Uncle Mott Tussie, in "Taps for Private Tussie," by Jesse Stuart.

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Wilson's day it seemed strange and almost scandalous that an American President should leave American soil and go wandering off after alien gods on alien soil, even if his mission was to shape the peace. It ceased to be strange in the administrations of Franklin Roosevelt and of Harry Truman. It had become an imperative, and Americans who once regarded it with suspicion came to accept it with pride. That is only a single item, but it is a symbol of much else that has happened in the American mind. The purely economic man who had all along been the archetypal American —the economic man who thought only in terms of profit margins and material values—could not survive an epoch in which the immense costs of a war could never be compensated by any economic gains that came from it. I will not say that we have come to the end of economic man: Charles Beard even goes so far as to say that he is the final bulwark that stands between American life and complete statism. I will not say that money has ceased to be the dominant force in American life: the pecuniary calculus is still the prime calculus in the American civilization. And yet a change has come over it. It can perhaps best be expressed by saying that in the era of the big captains of American industry, power was valued because it brought money, but that now money is valued because it brings power. Money is still in both equations, but foreground and background have begun to shift. And what is true of the thinking of the dominant men is bound to prove true in the end of the thinking of the whole civilization. What remains is to link power itself—personal and national—with the values of world welfare and world survival. And here too the dawning consciousness of this in the American mind—a consciousness that seems to move with earth-creeping slowness only because we feel the terrible urgencies of swift and complete transformation—has a strong base on which to build.

That base can best be understood if you consider what have been the two crucial images in the American mind since the beginning. One is the image of the self-reliant craftsman, whether he be farmer or pioneer or mechanic—the man who could make something of the American earth, who could apply the strength of his body and the skill of his hands to the abundance of Nature, who could fashion tools, invent new machines, imagine and carry through new and undreamt-of constructions. This has been one great facet of the American heritage, this sense of craftsmanship and of continuous achievement. As a result the American, without eternal self-searching and without taking himself overseriously, has looked upon the great tasks whether of peace or of war as mainly jobs to be done, agenda for the craftsman.

This first image has come from the American and his sense of himself. The second crucial image has been the image of the environment in which he has been placed—the continental image—the image of a vast continent to be discovered, explored, cleared, built up, populated, energized; a continent also, and perhaps incidentally, to be rifled, despoiled, much of it wasted, for there has been an enormous margin of waste that has often helped American civilization past dangerous spots. Scott Fitzgerald has called the image of this Continent as the discoverers must have glimpsed it "the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an esthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder."

But not, I think, for the last time in history. For the most precious heritage of the American is the spirit that hates a cribbed confinement. And in a world whose dimensions have shrunk so that the urgencies of war and peace, of economic abundance and economic breakdown, of world survival and world suicide, have come closing in like the expressionist walls in "The Pit and the Pendulum," the American will not tolerate the fate of being trapped, even on a Continent. He will somehow make room for himself, even if the new independence he must win is the independence from world anarchy, and the new federalism he must help construct is a world federalism, and the new frontiers into which he must push are the frontiers of man's knowledge of his kinship with man.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 615)

HELEN THOMAS:
WORLD WITHOUT END

As my feet trod these ancient ways my heart was filled with joy to know that this Wiltshire country belonged to me and I to it with all its history and tradition, bareness and richness, toil and harvest, simplicity and mystery.

WHEN Tommy Hambledon meets someone with as much gall as himself, you have a team whose capacity for driving the enemy crazy is practically unlimited. And when the fellow works for British Intelligence—to keep clear of British policemen (who are stuffy about smuggling) . . . when he becomes a secret agent for the enemy (faithfully filing their "secrets" with the opposition) then you have a set-up in no way conducive to peace and quiet.

Back in England again after his GREENLY HAZARDOUS exploits in Berlin, **THE FIFTH MAN** has Tommy praying for a volunteer whose imagination will equal his courage . . . whose love of danger will be tempered with just a *dash* of caution . . . one who is trusted completely by the enemy, and yet can be trusted as completely by British Intelligence. But even the famous Hambledon luck didn't prepare Tommy for the answer to his none-too-reverent prayer, for Anthony Colemore, also known as Mr. Bilston, Major Brampton, and occasionally Herr this-and-that, is not only of heroic mold; he sports an impudence, a wit, an engaging and delightful sense of humor which have come unimpaired through as hair-raising a set of adventures as an escaped prisoner-of-war ever encountered.

First there were five, he told Hambledon . . . five prisoners of war. Three were landed from a submarine on the south coast of England and taken into custody by the authorities . . . the fourth had been shot dead in a Belgian cafe . . . while the fifth man Anthony Colemore himself lived to tell the tale of an escape so fraught with peril and strange coincidence that even the imperturbable Tommy was impressed.

In return for keeping Colemore out of Maidstone Jail, Hambledon secured the services of as daring a counter-espionage agent as ever stripped a dead man, assumed his identity—and failed to recognize his "wife"—at a time when his life nearly depended on it.

Taken into the very bosom of the ring which Hambledon hoped he would crack (whose members spoke of "Our Leader in England" as Lancelot must have spoken of the Holy Grail), Colemore played alternate roles of fox and hound, while a too-jolly fat man checked him on one end, and Tommy checked him quietly on the other.

How **THE FIFTH MAN** uncovered "Our Leader" at the precise moment when that deadly character was uncovering *him,* makes a thrilling climax to one of the best of the *Manning Coles* mysteries, and we couldn't wish you a happier —and more exciting—New Year than to wish you a copy of this January Crime Club Selection.

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the Phoenix Nest

WITH reference to the late Arthur Davidson Ficke, concerning whom I wrote the other day, his widow, Gladys Ficke, writes me that he "was buried at the woods' edge of the Ficke estate, Hardhack, Hillsdale, N.Y. In a simple ceremony beside the grave, Vincent Millay recited lines from 'Lycidas,' and a sonnet of her own written to Arthur years ago. Alan Devoe read the last sonnet of the sequence 'Tumultuous Shore,' which was dedicated to him by Arthur. That this sequence contains a great and modern mingling of ancient taoist conception of man's unity with all of life, including death, along with a fine appreciation of man's ceaseless groping toward wider knowledge and deeper fellowship and love, could be said. It is something the world is in need of today. This last, I think, has not been fully realized, for 'Tumultuous Shore' is not merely a Wordsworthian retreat to nature, as some reviewers intimated at the time of publication."

SHERLOCK HOLMES calling

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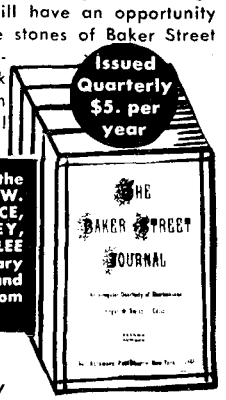

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In the recent tragically accidental death of the extraordinary artist and illustrator, N. C. Wyeth, Caroline Pyle Wyeth, his daughter-in-law, lost a small son who was accompanying his grandfather on a drive. Young Mrs. Wyeth has contributed before to this department and sent me the following poem some time ago. She is a niece of the late Howard Pyle, also a great illustrator and one of the finest draughtsmen this country has ever known.

We pile our treasures high,
Then bolt and lock the door,
And settle back in peace.
To want? There's nothing more.

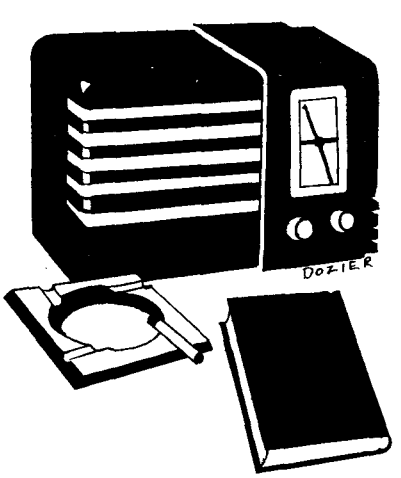
A tap upon the pane,
A shadow pale and thin,
With wink and lift of lip,
Futility looks in.

CAROLINE PYLE WYETH

* * *

For many years now I have been interested in the work of the distinguished draughtsmen of America. My friend, Harrison Cady, knows more about them than anyone I have ever met. Last summer he acquainted me with the work of William Hamilton Gibson, which, to my shame, I did not know. Nothing like Gibson's fine meticulous rendition of nature, in unerring line and delicate values of black and white, could be done in these times. I had the great good fortune to find on a second-hand counter the other day one of his beautiful books, "Sharp Eyes," for he wrote his own text. Until atomic bombs finally blast all, such work remains as proof that men can spend their lives working for an ideal of truth and beauty perfectly combined. They live, they develop their fine gifts, they seem to lie forgotten. Theirs is a quiet but enduring fame, however, in the heads of a few who know, while the clamor after hasty notoriety passes by. You remember the ending of Lord Dunsany's trifle, "A Mistaken Identity":

> Then Fame stole softly away so that no one knew she had gone.
> And notoriety presently went forth and all her worshippers rose and followed after, and she led them, as was most meet, to her native Pit.



* * *

RIFT FOR HOT TRUMPET

From Lydian airs in daisied meads
From pipes of Pan and shepherds' reeds,
From pilgrim chorus, minstrel lay,
Grieg, Debussy, Bach, Bizet,
From dreamy waltz and schottische, gent-
Le Music, heavenly maid, has went
On a strictly dingdong bender,
Blossomed as a solid sender,
Her sublimest dream to be a
Tonal poem for chorea.*

ETHEL JACOBSON

**Which you'll tab neatly at a glance*
As 8-to-the-bar St. Vitus dance.

* * *

Nothing is new under the sun. Years ago I wrote a novel for which I had, at least, an original title. I called it "The First Person Singular." Years afterward Somerset Maugham, who I'm sure never even heard of it, published a book called "First Person Singular." Not so long ago I wrote a novel in verse and called it "The Dust Which Is God," from a quotation from Swinburne's "Hertha." Then the other day I picked up a mimeographed book-list from G. A. Van Nosdall and found listed an early novel by Ralph Straus, published the year I graduated from college, which was 1907. Its title is "The Dust Which Is God. An Undimensional Adventure." So far as my memory goes, I never heard of it before, though I know some of Straus's later work. Of course the cases of repeated titles are many. "The Valley of Decision" is one in point. The title was originally used by Edith Wharton, later by Marcia Davenport. And so there's a nice little brochure to be compiled by my bibliomaniac friend, Earle Walbridge, on such titles. I dare say one could round up a goodly number.

* * *

I thank Major Paul M. A. Lineberger, G.S.C., for sending me the recent issue of *Famous Fantastic Mysteries* containing a reprint of "Phra, the Phoenician." Earle Walbridge writes me as follows concerning this and other matters:

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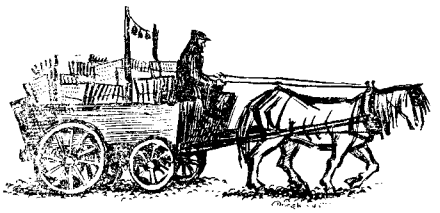
Edwin Lester Arnold, author of "Phra, the Phoenician," died March 1, 1935. He shared most of the travels and yachting cruises of his famous father, Sir Edwin Arnold. After leaving Cheltenham College he "turned his attention for a time to cattle-breeding, on the wildest part of the Scottish border; afterwards he went to India, where he opened up to cultivation a great tract of previously unsurveyed forest in Travancore." Quite a lad! He was also the author of "Lepidus the Centurion." Here's hoping the new edition of "Phra," with introduction by Dr. Canby (in collaboration), materializes. And since Dr. Canby approves of well-written pseudo-archeology, perhaps we can convert him at (long) last to E. Nesbit. Her "The Story of the Amulet," for instance, which is in print, as the third part of "The Five Children" (Coward-McCann). As her biographer notes, it gave thousands of children their first vivid glimpse of past civilizations; the episode dealing with the destruction of Atlantis is equalled only in Cutcliffe Hyne's "The Lost Continent," and the "impertinent mi-



racle" of the Queen of Babylon at the British Museum is not only good archeology, it's extremely funny. ("'Oh, you *are* a tiresome woman,' said the Psammead, but it blew itself out.")

As for that other father-and-son writing team, the Watsons, Frederick ("Ian Ferguson") and John ("Ian Maclaren"), the title of the latter's novel is, of course, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." With "Trilby," it was the leading best-seller of 1895, according to Alice Payne Hackett's entrancing book, "Fifty Years of Best Sellers" (Bowker). A silent-film version was produced by the late Robert Emmet MacAlarney, whom a lot of people (including myself) are going to miss.

WILLIAM ROSE BENET

Geography as Prime Enemy

BIG DISTANCE. By Captain Donald Hough and Captain Elliott Arnold. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1945. 255 pp. $3.

Reviewed by

BRIG. GEN. DONALD ARMSTRONG

IN THE Southwest Pacific the realities of geography were the first enemy that had to be met and overcome. Captains Hough and Arnold make that very clear. Neither maps nor the knowledge of the average person concerning this part of the earth's land and water areas suffice to explain the magnitude of geographical hostility. The Mercator projection fails utterly in representing "big distance" in that region. But when these two mentors finish their convincing, lucid, and most interesting geography lesson, the obstacle of vast space is exceedingly clear. Unfortunately, space was not the only impediment to our advance. The jungle, climate, mountains, swamps, insects, a primitive people and the absence of ports, cities, or even villages, combined to create an almost invincible alliance with the Japanese armed forces. In fact, the Japanese counted on the jungle to beat us. The purpose of this book is to explain how and why Japanese calculations were set at naught.

Of course control of the sea was requisite. The Navy saw to that. Then we had to have superiority in the air. Although the authors describe enough of the entire operations to explain how the Navy and Ground Forces won footholds in the jungle, and the Engineers built the air strips, they are concerned chiefly with the activities of the Fifth and Thirteenth Air Forces. They do not exaggeratedly claim that these fliers won the war in that area, but their book is dedicated to the personal adventures and individual exploits of the men of these two groups and their supporting troops.

The thrilling story starts at Guadalcanal and New Guinea. The latter island saw the first major air-borne troop movement by the United States Army in any theatre of operations. Twenty thousand American and Australian soldiers flew to battle with never more than sixteen transports to put into the air at any time. Flying across the hump on New Guinea was "by thumb, and by luck, and by energy, and by determination. The planes could make the trip in forty-five minutes; trekking across the mountains took up to twenty-eight days." Our authors describe that example of the new warfare vividly and well, but it is only the beginning of an anthology of episodes that are memorable and moving.

In our preoccupation with our primary enemy, the Nazis, we have done scant justice to the men of the Southwest Pacific. This book establishes a better perspective. Vaguely remembered names come to life. The hard fighting airmen at last win merited recognition in the stories of deeds of daring and resourcefulness, of invention and discovery, of new methods of killing Japs and of saving the lives of our own men.

PERSONALS

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(Continued from page 33)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

IN reply to my letter to Lieutenant Dresselhuys on Okinawa, received, he writes, "unexpectedly to cheer his sufferings from the Army's latest diabolic shot—for influenza"—we have another heartwarming letter from him. Thinking that he might be interested in the array of ships in the Hudson for Navy Day and in my experience as, with childish pride, I was able at last from observation of the real things to tell a battleship from a cruiser, I enclosed a newspaper clipping to visualize the scene for him. But my efforts "excited only dismay." "So that's where all the transportation is," they cry, "tied up in the Hudson River. No wonder we can't get home."

His own hopes of returning after over four years in service, he says, have gone aglimmering. For instead of being able to rest out his demobilization sans work and responsibility and with time for reading and DC's, he has fallen heir to a battery, the previous commander having gone home on points. "You ask about the storm," he continues. "Our camp here was flattened but we ourselves were caught at sea. For three days the thing was upon us and that little LST could only flounder around helplessly. Most people were sick but I'm lucky enough to have a stomach that takes no notice of angry seas. I secretly enjoyed the typhoons, sleeping soundly nights, reading avidly days, and eating heartily." He is looking forward, however, to the killing of the fatted calf to celebrate the reunion of two brothers in the Pacific, himself, and the other members of his large family, in Aberdeen, S.D.

Now along comes a letter from Corporal Andrew A. Znamiecki, serving under Lieutenant Dresselhuys, for he read the letter he sent to the Lieutenant and wants we to know that he really introduced the DC's to his commanding officer, having been "subjected to them as a student at Milton Academy," and they often do them together. But he writes:

> My own troubles are pretty bad. Not only the mail service on magazines is poor, which means that when I come close to a solution I often can't check my results, since the next edition never reaches me. But trying to find someone on this island who knows for instance a Lord of Tyre in "Pericles," or who would even care to know who he is, is exasperating. . . . We have in the battery a considerable number of regular crossword fans and when crosswords aren't available they come and try to help on your DC's. The mail clerk, having at one time taught English, often proves quite a help in finding a particular word. Being over thirty-five he has recently left for home, and I am rather shorthanded. . . . I hope that you can see that a DCer's life on Okinawa is not an easy one.

DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 616

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down, the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

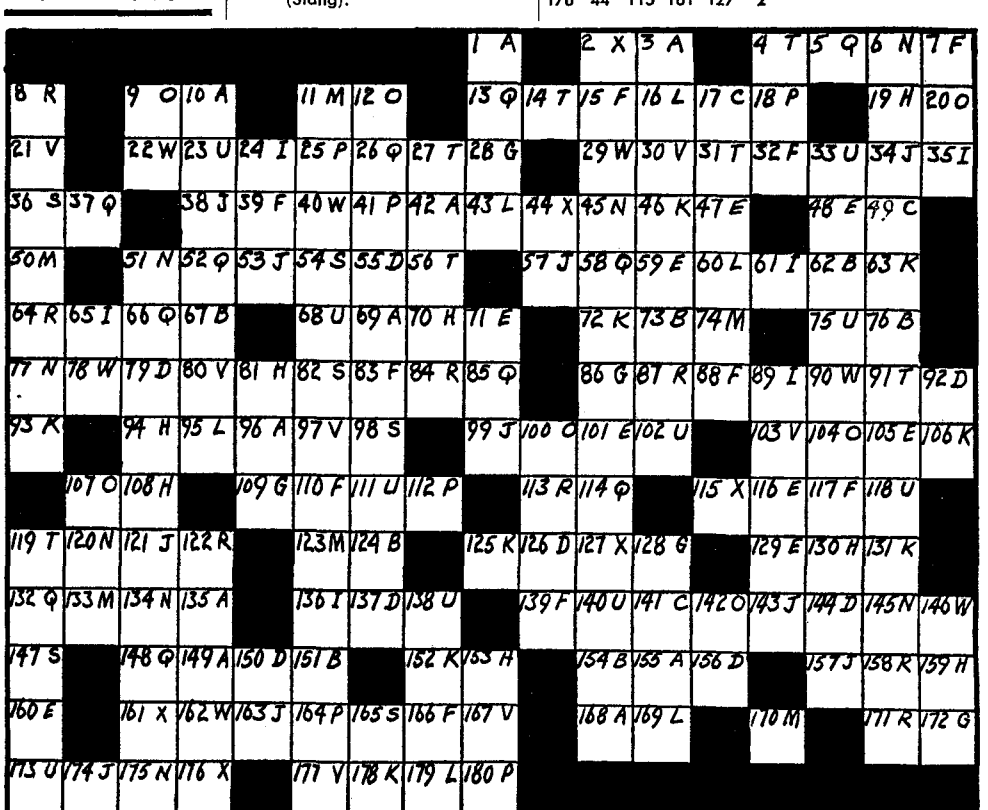
The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 31 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Similar and similarly placed (Math.).
B. A present on any occasion (Fr.).
C. Father of Joshua (Bib.).
D. A tutti passage in a concerto.
E. Formerly strong tribes of northeastern Siberia.
F. Treaty that ended the Russo-Turkish War (March 3, 1878).
G. Cries of certain birds, as rooks.
H. Monumental "Column" in Rome, to honor Emperor Marcus Aurelius (A.D. 161-180).
I. Desert region west of Cairo, Egypt, in early times a famous anchorites' settlement.
J. Italian painter of frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, "Adoration of the Magi," etc. (1444?-1510).
K. Great ash tree, symbol of the universe (Norse Myth.).
L. Rope-dancer in title of poem by Robt. Browning.
M. Dialect of Hindi used by the poet Tulsi Das.
N. A "yellow-stockinged, cross-gartered" steward in comedy by Shakespeare.
O. Chief designer of the Parthenon at Athens (5th cent. B.C.).
P. Fulvous antelope, white belly, black legs.
Q. That which the speaker finds needless or indelicate to name (comp.).
R. Scottish Covenanters or Cameronians, during persecution under Chas. II and James II (2 wds.).
S. American painter of Hudson River School (1825-94).
T. Small pieces of toasted or fried bread for garnishing; fragments.
U. Venturesome; reckless.
V. American landscape architect (Central Park, Prospect Park, etc.; 1822-1903).
W. Admirable (Slang).
X. Talked noisily, stridently, etc. (Slang).

WORDS

155 168 96 3 10 69 149 135 1 42
151 154 62 67 73 76 124
141 17 49
126 144 137 79 150 92 156 55
47 59 101 129 160 116 48 105 71
166 117 7 39 83 15 139 88 110 32
86 172 128 109 28
19 159 94 108 130 70 153 81
89 65 61 24 136 35
53 163 34 143 174 57 38 157 99 121
63 93 125 131 178 72 106 152 46
16 95 169 43 60 179
170 123 50 74 133 11
51 134 45 77 145 175 6 120
9 142 107 100 20 104 12
18 180 164 25 112 41
85 52 13 66 114 58 132 148 5 26 37
87 113 122 64 171 158 84 8
54 82 36 165 147 98
119 91 31 27 56 4 14
68 23 173 102 33 75 118 111 140 138
103 80 30 167 177 97 21
162 78 40 22 29 146 90
176 44 115 161 127 2



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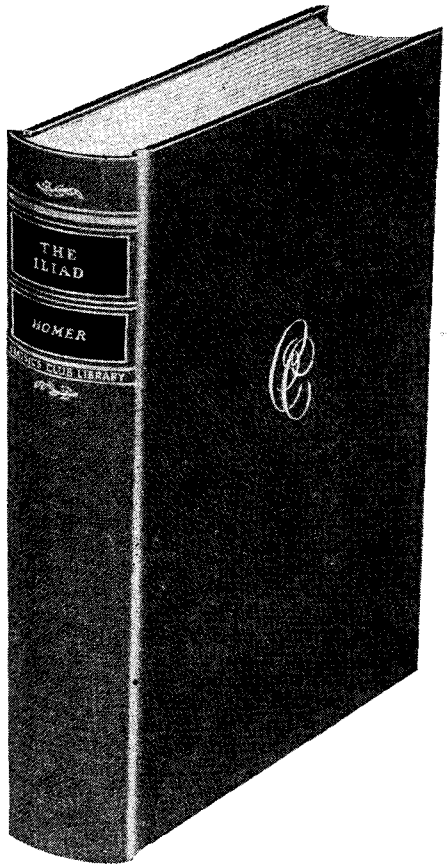

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